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SHAKESPEARE



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From Sulp.

King Lear

Act III. Scene II.

THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM
THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S
LAST EDITION,

WITH
A S E L E C T I O N
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XIX.

CONTAINING
K I N G L E A R.

LEIPSICK:

PRINTED FOR GERHARD FLEISCHER THE YOUNGER.

1 8 1 2.



K I N G L E A R.

VOL. XIX.

1

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Lear, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
Edgar, Son to Gloster.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.
Curan, a Courtier.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
Oswald, Steward to Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

Goneril, }
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*
Cordelia, }

Knights attending on the King,
Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault-undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, Sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat tardily into the world before he was sent for, yet

was his mother fair; there was good sport at making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your Lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. I have been a soldier.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away shall again: — The King is coming.

[*Trumpets sound with*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL; ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELLIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my Liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND*

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our dark purpose.

Give me the map there. — Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son

Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princess, France a

Burgundy

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love;
 Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn;
 And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my
 daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend
 Where merit doth most challenge it. — Goneril,
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter;
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
 honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
 Beyond all manner of so much, I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love and be
 silent. [*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
 to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
 With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
 Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
 And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
 I find, she names my very deed of love;
 Only she comes too short, — that I profess
 Myself an enemy to all other joys,
 Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
 And find, I am alone felicitate
 In your dear Highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside]
 And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
 More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
 Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
 No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
 Than that confirm'd on Goneril. — Now, our
 Although the last, not least; to whose young
 The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
 Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to do
 A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak ag

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
 My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty
 According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your spe
 a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
 Return those duties back as are right fit,
 Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
 They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed
 That lord, whose hand must take my plight, sh
 carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and do
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my Lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true

Lear. Let it be so, — Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation meases
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd;
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my sight? —
[To CORDELIA.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! — Call France; —
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a King;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm;
This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man ?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak;
When power to flattery bows ? To plainness hon-
nour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness : answer my life my judge-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter dost not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies ; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight !

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, King,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

[*laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;
Kill thy physician , and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or , whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee , thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me , recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me ! —
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and , with strain'd
pride ,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power ;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good , take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee , for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world ;
And , on the sixth , to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if , on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well , King : since thus thou
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence , and banishment is here. —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee , maid ,

[To CORDELIA.
That justly think'st , and hast most rightly said ! —
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love. —
Thus Kent , O Princes , bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE , BURGUNDY ,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy , my noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this King
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than hath your Highness offer'd.
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for, by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great King,
[To FRANCE,

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is 'asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,

Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpse not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? — My Lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a faith
That you must lose a husband.

KING LEAR

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich;
 being poor;
 lost choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
 hee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
 'tis lawful, I take up what's cast away.
 Oods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
 neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —
 My dowerless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
 Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
 Not all the Dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
 Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
 for we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again: — Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison. —
 Come, noble Burgundy.

Flourish. *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
 ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:
 On your professed bosoms I commit him:
 Not yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 Farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scant'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plai'd cunning
hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not been
little: he always loved our sister most; and with
what poor judgement he hath now cast her off,
appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-en-
grafted condition; but, therewithal, the unruly
waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring
with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let us
hit together: If our father carry authority with such
dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his
will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: — Fine word, — legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: —
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler
parted!

And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! — Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your Lordship, none.

[*putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, Sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*reads.*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that, of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. — Humph — Conspiracy! —*

Sleep till I waked him, — you should enjoy half his revenue, — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my Lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: — Abominable villain! — Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, Sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the King falls from his bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! — Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! — Strange! strange! [*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by hea-

venly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treat by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, adulterers, by an enforced obedience of plan influence; and all that we are evil in, by a thrusting on: An admirable evasion of w master man, to lay his goatish disposition t charge of a star! My father compounded wit mother under the dragon's tail; and my na was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, rough and lecherous — Tut, I should have that I am, had the maidenliest star in the fi ment twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of th comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, w sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclips portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What s contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a predi read this other day, what should follo eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he w succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness bet child and the parent; death, dearth, di of ancient amities; divisions in state, mo maledictions against King and nobles; ne fidences, banishment of friends, dissipatio horts, nuptial breaches, and I know m

Edg. How long have you been a se nomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key: — If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. —

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! — I see the business. —
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

THE KING LEAR

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and STEWARD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle: — When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: —
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam; I hear him. *[Horns within]*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please.
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are on
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away! — Now, by my life
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatterers, when they say
abuse'd.

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have col-
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your
I would breed from hence occasions.

KING LEAR



That I may speak : — I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course : — Prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue,
For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come ! — thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get ready, [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what's that thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
To serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to
love him that is honest; to converse with him that
is wise, and says little; to fear judgement; to
suffer, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as
poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is
for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st
thou?

Kent. Service.

KING LEAR.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it; and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are loath to say for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho, dinner! — Wilt thou be my knave? my fool? Go you, and call me hither:

Enter STEWARD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you, —

Lear. What says the fellow there? Clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho? — The world's asleep. — How now? where's my mongrel?

Knight. He says, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the same manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. — But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, call hither my fool. —

Re-enter STEWARD.

O, you Sir, you Sir, come you hither: Who am I, Sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my Lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
[tripping up his heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou'rt servest me
and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you
differences; away, away: If you will measure
your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go
to; Have you wisdom? so.

[pushes the Steward out]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee
there's earnest of thy service. *[giving KENT money]*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; — Here's my coxcomb!
[giving KENT his cap]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb!

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out
of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the
wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take
my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two
of his daughters, and did the third a blessing
against his will; if thou follow him, thou must
needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle
'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep
my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another
of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he
must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, ma-
stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: —

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest;
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unsee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool!

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land;

Come place him here by me, —

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not

let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches.

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a King should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to l

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you wh

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking; thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, some say, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I ha
be any kind of thing, than a fool: and,

KING LEAR.

2;

not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. — Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*pointing to LEAR.*

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool, Put other of your insolent retinue,

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it on

By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

Now 'tis your turn to feed, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, Sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? — Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this is not I ear: dost Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping or waking? — Ha! sure 'tis not so. — Who is it that can tell me who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. —

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair Gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, Sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speake
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —

Saddle my horses; call my train together. —
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
 rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, Sir, are
 you come?
 Is it your will? [*to ALB.*] Speak, Sir. — Prepare
 my horses.
 Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
 Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*to GONERIL.*]
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
 That all particulars of duty know;
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name. — O most small fault,
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
 nature
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
 [*striking his head.*]
 And thy dear judgement out! — Go, go, my
 people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord. — Hear, nature,
 hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
 Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child! — Away, away! [*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
 this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee; — Life and death! I am
 asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
 [to GONERIL.
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. — Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

*The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,*

And cast you, with the waters that you lose;
 To temper clay. — Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so: — Yet have I left a daughter;
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my Lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho!
 You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and
 take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. . . . [Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: — A
 hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep

At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear, still to be taken. I know his heart:

KING LEAR

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
if she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness, — How now,
Oswald?

Enter STEWARD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own;
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit STEW.*] No, no,
my Lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon;
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then —

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with th
letters: acquaint my daughter no further;
any thing you know, than comes from her dem
out of the letter: If your diligence be not spe
I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my Lord, till I ha
livered your letter.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong: —

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. — So kind a father! — Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! — Monster in-gratitude!

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Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad! —

Enter GENTLEMAN.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his Duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well,
is. [*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better!
Best!

'his weaves itself perforce into my business!
ly father hath set guard to take my brother;
nd I have one thing, of a queazy question,
vhich I must act: — Briefness, and fortune,
work! —
rother, a word; — descend: — Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

ly father watchè: — O Sir, fly this place;
stelligence is given where you are hid;
ou have now the good advantage of the night: —
ave you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
e's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
nd Regan with him; Have you nothing said
pon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
dvice yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming, — Pardon me: —
a cunning, I must draw my sword upon you: —
draw: — Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you
well.

ield: — come before my father; — Light, ho,
here? —

ly, brother; — Torches! torches! — So, farewell, —
[*Exit EDGAR.*

ome blood drawn on me would beget opinion.
[*wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
to more than this in sport. — Father! father!
op, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his a
sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the m
To stand his auspicious mistress: —

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir. When by no mean
could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! — Go after. — [*Exit*]

By no means, — w

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of
Lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; — Sir, in
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found — Despatch. — The noble Duke
master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:

By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it, with crust speech
 I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
 Would he deny his letter? — I never get him.
[Trumpets within.
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he
 comes: —

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
 The Duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
 I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
 May have due note of him; and of my land,
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
 To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
 hither,
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange
 news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my Lord?

Glo. O, Madam, my old heart is crack'd, in
 crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
 life?

He whom my father nam'd ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, Lady, Lady, shame would have

Reg. Was he not companion with the knights

That tend upon my father ?

Glo. I know not, Madam :

It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill a
'Tis they have put him on the old man's do
To have the waste and spoil of his revenue
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them ; and with such c
That, if they come to sojourn at my house
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —

Edmund, I hear that you have shown you
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and re
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend hi

Corn. Is he pursued ?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never mo
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own p
How in my strength you please. — For you, Ed
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instan
So much commend itself, you shall be our
Natures of such deep trust we shall much
Yon we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading d
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
 Wherein we must have use of your advice: —
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit
 To answer from our home; the several messengers
 From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
 Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
 Your needful counsel to our business,
 Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
 Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of
 the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I
 would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken
 meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
 snited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking
 knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a
 whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical

rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the King? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moon-shine of you: Draw, you whorson cullionly barbermonger, draw. [*drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the King; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you heat slave, strike. [*beating him.*]

Stew. Help ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you come, I'll flesh you; come on, young man.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again; What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter? — My Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into a mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinse t'unloose: smooth every
passion.

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. —

A plague upon your epileptick visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose; if I had you upon Sarum plain;
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipath
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave?
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine
or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, d
A saucy roughness; and constrains the gar
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter,
An honest mind and plain, — he must speak
As they will take it, so; if not, he's plain
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere ve
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radia
On flickering Phoebus' front, —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which
commend so much. I know, Sir, I a
terer: he that beguiled you, in a plain
a plain knave; which, for my parts

be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:

It pleas'd the King his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the King;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks: —
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my Lord; and all
night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of: — Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good King his master

KING LEAR.

Will check him far't: your purpos'd low correction
 Is such, as basest and contemn'dst wretches,
 For pilferings and most common trespasses,
 Are punish'd with: the King must take it ill;
 That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
 Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worst
 To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
 For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[*KENT is put in the stock*]

REG. and CORN.
 Come, my good Lord; away.

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Dul
 pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat
 thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir: I have watch'd
 Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll wh
 A good man's fortune may grow out at heel
 Give you good morrow!

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this; 'twill
 taken.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the
 mon saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
 To the warm sun!
 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter! — Nothing almost sees
 But misery: — I know, 'tis from Cord
 Who hath most fortunately been inform
 Of my obscured course; and shall find
 From this enormous state, — seeking

their remedies:—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
 vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 shameful lodging.
 ne, good night; smile once more; turn thy
 wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath;

Enter EDGAR.

I heard myself proclaim'd;
 by the happy hollow of a tree,
 'd the hunt. No port is free; no place
 guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 not attend my taking. While I may scape,
 preserve myself: and am bethought
 ke the basest and most poorest shape,
 ever penury, in contempt of man,
 lit near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 et my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 with presented nakedness out-face
 vinds, and persecutions of the sky.
 ountry gives me proof and precedent
 :dam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 with this horrible object, from low farms,
 pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 ime with lunatick bans, sometime with prayers;
 ce their charity.—Poor Turligood! poor Tom!
 something yet; — Edgar I nothing am. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

*Before Gloster's Castle.**[Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.]*

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yes.

Dear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did command your Highness' letters to them;
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine;
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your Highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below! — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not?

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, Sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs aw

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

ear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

I have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
images of revolt and flying off!

I me a better answer.

o. My dear Lord,
know the fiery quality of the Duke;
unremoveable and fix'd he is
in his own course.

ear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —

I? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
speak with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

o. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd
them so.

ear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand
me, man?

o. Ay, my good Lord.

ear. The King would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father

shall with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

they inform'd of this? — My breath and
blood! —

I? the fiery Duke? — Tell the hot Duke, that —
but not yet: — may be, he is not well:

mighty doth still neglect all office,

yet our health is bound; we are not ourselves;
in nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

to suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

I am fallen out with my more headier will,

to make the indispos'd and sickly fit

to the sound man. — Death on my state! where-
fore [looking on KANT.

shall he sit here? This act persuades me,
this remotion of the Duke and her

exit.

Is practice only. Give me my servant
Go, tell the Duke and his wife, I'd speak
Now, presently: bid them come forth an
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the
Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising
but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cool
the cels, when she put them i' the paste
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick,
Down, wanton's, down: 'Twas her br
in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GL
and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [*KENT is set*

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know
I have to think so: if thou should'st ne
I would divorce me from thy mother's
Sepulch'ring an adulteress. — O, are y

Some other time for that. — Beloved
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture
[*points to*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not
Of how deprav'd a quality — O Regan

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I
You less know how to value her deser
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in
Would fail her obligation: If, Sir,
She have restrain'd the riots of your

such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 as her from all blame.

My curses on her!

O, Sir, you are old;
 in you stands on the very verge
 of confine: you should be rul'd, and led
 by discretion, that discerns your state
 from you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
 for our sister you do make return;
 you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Ask her forgiveness?

but mark how this becomes the house:
*daughter, I confess that I am old;
 unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [kneeling.
 you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly
 tricks:

you to my sister.

Never, Regan:

It abated me of half my train;
 it blacken'd upon me; struck me with her tongue,
 repent-like, upon the very heart: —
 Let stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
 on this ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
 that ingrateful air, with lameness!

Fie, fie, fie!

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
 flames

on scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
 with sick'ning fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
 and blast her pride!

O the blest gods!

you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
 Her bested nature shall not give
 to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine

KING LEAR.

comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
and, in conclusion, to oppose the belt
against my coming in: thou better know'st
the offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot;

Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter STEWARD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves
letter,

That she would soon be here. — Is your lady com
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd p
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows : —
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
good hope
Thou didst not know of't. — Who comes
O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sw
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take m
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? —
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the ha

Gon. Why not by the hand, Sir? H
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion fin
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I shjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot: — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another: —
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Tend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, Sir;

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, Sir, to me.
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoke now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir: What, fifty fold
Is it not well? What should you need of
Yea, or so many? aith that both charge and
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in our
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord,
attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from

Reg. Why not, my Lord? If then they
to slack you,
We could control them: If you will come
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depots
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my Lord; not
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise: — I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five;
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. — But, for true
need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

As to bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags,

You will have such revenges on you both,

As all the world shall — I will do such things, —

As they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

Terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

I'll not weep: —

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

And ere I'll weep: — O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

KING LEAR.

us withdraw, 'twill be a storm:

[Storm heard at a distance.]

house

the old man and his people cannot

stow'd.

as his own blame; he hath put
om rest, and must needs taste his folly.
or his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
ne follower.

So am I purpos'd.

my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

. Follow'd the old man forth: — he is
return'd.

The King is in high rage.

. Whither is he going?

He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

. My Lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

ely ruffle; for many miles about

s scarce a bush.

. O, Sir, to wilful men,

juries, that they themselves procure,

be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors

attended with a desperate train;

hat they may incense him to, being apt

ve his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

. Shut up your doors, my Lord; 't

wild night;

gan counsels well: come out o' the storm

[E]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his white
hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
'This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,

Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind King; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings; —
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner. — Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
 For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who your fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no word
 to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
 That, when we have found the King, (in what
 pain

That way; I'll this;) he that first lights,
 Holla the other.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt cōtriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout,
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in,
has a good head-piece.

KING LEAR.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse; —
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make;
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

— for there was never yet fair woman, but she
made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece;
that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love
night,

love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
allow the very wanderers of the dark,
and make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
the affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
that keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
ind out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch;
that hast within thee undivulged crimes,
unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue;
that art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
that under covert and convenient seeming
hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent-up

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lent you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force
Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —

Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit, —*

*With heigh, ho, the wind and the
rain, —*

*Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us
to this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
— I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors:

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

KING LEAR

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live be-
fore his time. [Exit

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not
unnatural dealing: When I desired their
that I might pity him, they took from me th
of mine own house; charged me, on pain of
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is
between the Dukes; and a worse matter th
I have received a letter this night;—'tis da
to be spoken;—I have lock'd the lette
closet: these injuries the King now bears
revenged home; there is part of a powe
footed: we must incline to the King. I
him, and privily relieve him: go you, a
tain talk with the Duke, that my char
of him perceived: If he ask for me, I a
gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less i
me, the King my old master must
There is some strange thing toward,
pray you, be careful.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too: —
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

SCENE IV.

A part of the heath with a hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my
Lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *[Storm still.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my
Lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
tious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? — But I will punish home: —
No, I will weep no more. — In such a night

To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! —
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that, —

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pry'thee, go in thyself; seek thine ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in
 In, boy; go first. — [*to the Fool.*] You house
 poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep
 [*Fool goes*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them;
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half
 Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the house*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit
 Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name
 poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
 the straw?

Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the fool fiend follows me! —
through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. —
umph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
a foul fiend hath led through fire and through
me, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
agmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trot-
ting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his
own shadow for a traitor: — Bless thy five wits!
Tom's a-cold. — O, do de, do de, do de. — Bless
me from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!
O poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
possesses: There could I have him now, — and there, —
and there, — and there again, and there.

[Storm continues.

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass? —

Would'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

are fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

to such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —

It is the fashion, that discarded fathers

should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Edg. Exit.

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill; —
Halloo; halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy pa-
rents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit
not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet
heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind;
that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served
the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act
of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I
spake words, and broke them in the sweet face
of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust,
and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice
dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk:
False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog
in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in
madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of
shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor
heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels,
thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's
books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through
the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says sum,
mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy,
sessa; let him trot by. *[storm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than
to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity
of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Con-
sider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk,
the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no
perfume: — Ha! here's three of us are sophis-
cated! — Thou art the thing itself: unaccom-

dated man is no more but such a poor, bare, fork-
ed animal as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings :
— Come ; unbutton here. — [*tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a
naughty night to swim in. — Now a little fire in a
wild field were like an old lecher's heart ; a small
spark, all the rest of his body cold. — Look
here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet : he
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he
gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and
makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and
hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold ;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;
Bid her alight ,
And her troth plight ,*

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog,
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the
water ; that in the fury of his heart, when the
foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots ; swal-
lows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the
green mantle of the standing-pool ; who is whipp'd
from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd,
and imprison'd ; who hath had three suits to his
back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and
weapon to wear, —

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower: — Peace, Smolkin; peace,
thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darkness is a fine gentleman;
Motho he's call'd, and Mabu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown
so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher: —
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban: —

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Dear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death: — Ah, that good
Kent! —

He said it would be thus: — Poor banish'd man! —
Thou say'st, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee,
friend,

*I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,*

late, very late; I lov'd him, friend, —
 father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*storm continues.*]

grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
 beseech your Grace, —

ear. O, cry you mercy,
 ble philosopher, your company.

dg. Tem's a-cold.

lo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee
 warm.

ear. Come, let's in all.

ent. This way, my Lord.

ear. With him;

ill keep still with my philosopher.

ent. Good my Lord, sooth him; let him
 take the fellow.

lo. Take him you on.

ent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

ear. Come, good Athenian.

lo. No words, no words:

h.

gd. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
 His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum;
 I smell the blood of a British man.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

orn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his
 use.

dm. How, my Lord, I may be censured, that
 re this gives way to loyalty, something fears
 to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France, O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully, — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: — The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, New

is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits. Come hissing in upon them: —

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight: —

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer; —

Thou, sapient Sir, sit here. [To EDGAR.] —

Now you she foxes! —

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! —
Wantest thou eyes at trial, Madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: —

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first: — Bring in the evidence. —

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; —

[To EDGAR.]

'And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side: — You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Por! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril: I have
take my oath before this honourable assembly,
she kick'd the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Mistress; Is your name
Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks
proclaim

What store her heart is made of, — Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: —
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach, or lyn;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head ;

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market towns: — Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in na-
ture, that makes these hard hearts? — You, Sir,
I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I
do not like the fashion of your garments: you will
say, they are Persian attire; but let them be
changed. [To EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
the curtains:

So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning:
So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the King
my master?

Kent. Here, Sir; but trouble him not, his wits
are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't,

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent*. Oppress'd nature sleeps: —
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
 Which, if convenience will not allow,
 Stand in hard cure.— Come, help to bear thy master;
 Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool*.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*
bearing off the King.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
 We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
 Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
 How light and portable my pain seems now,
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the King
 bow;

He childed, as I father'd! — Tom, away:
 Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
 thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap' more to-night, safe scape the King!
 Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my Lord your husband;
 show him this letter: — the army of France is
 landed: — Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; — farewell, my Lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-arm'd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet Lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? — Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him: — Villain, thou shalt find — [*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from
France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatick
King?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down;
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart;
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril —

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs,
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never: — Fellows, hold the chair: —

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.*]

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: — O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [draws and runs at him.]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger.

[draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. — *[to another Serv.]*
A peasant stand up thus!
[snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.]

Serv. O, I am slain! — My Lord, you have
one eye left
To see some mischief on him: — O! *[dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it: — Out, vile
jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

*[tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it
on the ground.]*

Glo. All dark and comfortless. —
Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd. —
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. — How is't, my Lord? How
look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: — Follow me,
Lady. —
Turn out that eyeless villain; — throw this slave

the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace :
 Give me this hurt : Give me your arm.
 CORNWALL, led by REGAN ; — *Servants*
 Unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.

rv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
man come to good.

rv. If she live long,
at the end, meet the old course of death,
will all turn monsters.

xx. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the
Bedlam
him where he would; his roguish madness
itself to any thing.

Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,
ly' to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Yet better thus, and known to be condemn'd,
 All condemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
 Worst, and most dejected thing of fortune,
 Still in esperance, lives not in fear:
 A mentable change is from the best;
 Worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
 Unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
 O wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes
 here? —

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. — Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [aside.] O gods! Who is't can say, I am
at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [aside.] And worse I may be yet: The
worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? —

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
 Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*] — Bless thee,
 master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
 Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
 I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,
 Whom I'll entreat to lead me..

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead
 the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
 Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that
 I have,

Come on't what will.

[*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — I cannot daub it
 further. [*Aside.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. — Bless thy
 sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-
 path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good
 wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend!
 [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of
 lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, Prince of dumb-
 ness: *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder;
 and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;
 who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-
 women. So, bless thee, master!]

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom
 heaven's plagues
 Have humbled to 'all strokes: that I am wretch
 Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so at
 Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
 Because he doth not feel, feel your power quick
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough. — Dost thou know
 Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bent
 head
 Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
 Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
 With something rich about me; from that place
 I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
 Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meet them.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord: I marvel, our noble
 husband,
 Not met us on the way: — Now, where's your master?
Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed
 I told him of the army that was landed;
 He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming
 His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloucester's treachery
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out: —
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go further. *[To EDMUND]*
 't is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 'hat dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
 May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:

must change arms at home, and give the distaff
into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
if you dare venture in your own behalf,
a mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[giving a favour.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Could stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
 Conceive and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Fon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit EDMUND.*
the difference of man, and man! To thee
oman's services are due; my fool
rps my bed.

'sw. Madam, here comes my Lord.

[Exit Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

13. I have been worth the whistle.

. O Goneril!

re not worth the dust which the rude wind
in your face. — I fear your disposition;
nature, which contemns its origin,
be border'd certain in itself;
herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap, perforce must with
And come to deadly use.

Gen. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile see
Filth's savour but themselves. What have you
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perfo
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear won
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
Could my good brother suffer you to do it
A man, a Prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spir
Send quickly down to tame these vile ones
'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gen. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerni
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish
Ere they have done their mischief.

thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless
With plumed helm thy slayer begins thre
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gen. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd th
shame,

*Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my
To let these hands obey my blood,*

apt enough to dislocate and tear
 h and bones: — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 n's shape doth shield thee.

Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter a Messenger.

What news?

O, my good Lord, the Duke of Corn-
 wall's dead;

his servant, going to put out
 er eye of Gloster.

Gloster's eyes!

A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse;
 against the act, bending his sword
 great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
 him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
 without that harmful stroke, which since
 luck'd him after.

This shows you are above,
 tigers, that these our nether crimes
 lily can venge! — But, O poor Gloster!
 his other eye!

Both, both, my Lord. —
 ter, Madam, craves a speedy answer;
 in your sister.

[*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
 g widow, and my Gloster with her;
 the building in my fancy pluck
 y hateful life: Another way,
 is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Where was his son, when they did take
 his eyes?

Come with my Lady hither.

He is not here.

Mes. No, my good Lord; I met him ~~Back~~

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good Lord; 'twas he ~~info~~
against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishm^t
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the K^{ing}
And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exit*

[SCENE III.]

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so sudden
gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the st^{ate}
Which since his coming forth is thought of; w^{hich}
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and dan^{ger}
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir; she took them, read them
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd, she was a Que^{en}
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her,

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence;
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.— In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the
name of *father*
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies!*
sisters!

Kent! *father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i'*
the night?

Let pity not be believed! — There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clainour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else ðne self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir; The poor distress'd Lear is i'
the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

KING LEAR.

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Phy. There is means, Madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him;
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth;
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate;
In the good man's distress! — Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O dear father,
'Tis thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
In mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
O blown ambition doth our arms incite,
It love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
On may I hear, and see him!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN and Steward.

g. But are my brother's powers set forth?
w. Ay, Madam.
g. Himself
Is there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letters to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam?
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her
husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange ocellids, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
 And more convenient is he for my hand,
 Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.
 If you do find him, pray you, give him this:
 And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
 I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
 So, fare you well.
 If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam! I
 would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDGAR, dress'd like
 a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that
 same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
 By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

*Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
 In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst*

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir; here's the place: — stand
still. — How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and you' tall anchoring bark;
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and goods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I' could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! —
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls*
along.]

Edg. Gone, Sir? farewell. —
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past. — Alive, or dead?
Ho, you Sir! friend! — Hear you, Sir? — speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: — Yet he revives:
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer;
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a height; — the shrill gorg'd lark, so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up: — So; — How is't? Feel you your legs? Y
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was this
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar,

Edg. As I stood here below; methought, I
eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father
Think that the clearest gods, who make the
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But what
comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
There's your press-money. That fellow has

his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; — this piece of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gruntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown bills. — O, well flown, bird! — i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Coneril! — with a white beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said! — *Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I sonnd them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause? —
Adultery. —

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs,
 Though women all above:
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's
 darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
 scalding, stench, consumption; — Fie, fie, fie!
 pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apo-
 thecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money
 for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
 thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind
 Cupid; I'll not love. — Read thou this challenge;
 mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; — it is,
 And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes
 in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your
 eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light:
 Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
 this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine
 ears: see how you' justice rails upon you' simple
 thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and,
 handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
 thief?

ef? — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
gar?

Glo. Ay, Sir:

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
ere thou might'st behold the great image of au-
rity: a dogs obey'd in office. —
ou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
y dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own
back;

ou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

rough tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
oes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

l the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
n it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
ne does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
ce that of me, my friend, who have the power
seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
l, like a scurvy politician, seem
see the things thou dost not. — Now, now,

now, now:

l off my boots: — harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
son in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

now thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
ou must be patient; we came crying hither.
ou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
wawl, and cry: — I will preach to thee;
mark me.

Ho. Alack, alack the day!

KIX.

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we
come

To this great stage of fools; — This a good blo
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in prob
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-la
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him. —
Your most dear-daughter —

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surg
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of sak
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good Sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a King,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wret
Past speaking of in a King! — 'Thou hast
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

5. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?

6. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,

7. I can distinguish sound.

8. But, by your favour,
Near's the other army?

9. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
on the hourly thought.

10. I thank you, Sir: that's all.

11. Though that the Queen on special cause
is here,

my is mov'd on.

12. I thank you, Sir. [Exit Gent.

13. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

14. Let my worser spirit tempt me again
before you please!

15. Well pray you, father.

16. Now, good Sir, what are you?

17. A most poor man, made tame by for-
tune's blows;

18. by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
regnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
and you to some biding.

19. Hearty thanks:

20. bounty and the benizon of heaven
not, and boot!

Enter Steward.

21. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
22. The head of thine was first fram'd flesh
23. to my fortunes. — Thou old unhappy traitor,
24. thyself remember: — The sword is out
25. must destroy thee.

26. Now let thy friendly hand
27. strength enough to it. [Edgar opposes.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hemo
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'ca

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as
by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old n
keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether
costard or my bat be the harder: Ch'ill be
with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, Zir: Come;
matter vor your foins. [*They fight; and Edg.*
knocks him do

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: — Vill
take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
To Edmund Earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party: — O, untimely death! [*L*

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable yilla
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. —
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speak
May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only a
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see: —
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us!
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be rememb*
You have many opportunities to cut him

your will want not, time and place will be suitably offered. There is nothing done, if I return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

Goneril

undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —
plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
and the exchange, my brother! — Here in the sands,
see I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
with this ungracious paper strike the sight
of the death-practis'd Duke: For him 'tis well,
that of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The King is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

that I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
should my thoughts be severed from my griefs;
and woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
the knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:

For, off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Give me my father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and Others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

K. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,

To match thy goodness? My life will be too sh
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'er
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear Madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent
My boon I make it, that you know me no
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good Lord. —
does the King?
[to the Phy

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind u
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your Majesty,
That we may wake the King? he hath slept

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and p
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd

Gent. Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of his
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good Madam, when we do
him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near. — Loud
musick there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, ha
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kis

Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear Princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warfing winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdn!)
With this thin helm?]. Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; And wast thou fair, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal Lord? How fares
your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave: —

thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
on a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Dear. You are a spirit, I know; When did
you die?

or. Still, still, far wide!

lys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

ear. Where have I been? Where am I; —
Fair day-light? —

mightily abus'd. — I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus. — I know not what to say. —
I will not swear, these are my hands: — let's see:
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: —
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost]

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
I pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and
foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDEDIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, Sir,
That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain:

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar
His banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Are you well, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.]
[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces near Dover.

*Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the Duke, if his last purpose
be bold;
Or, whether since he has advis'd by ought
To change the course: He's full of alteration.

And self-reproving: — bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, sweet Lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my Lord;
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not: —

She, and the Duke her husband, —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. —
Sir, this I hear, — The King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not holds the King; with others, whom, I fear;
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestick and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I
will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man
so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. Officers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end;
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces.

By diligent discovery; — but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn
love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoyed
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril
And hardly shall I carry out my side.
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll take
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia
The battle done, and they within our power
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their forces; and*

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of
For your good host; pray that the right man
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, Sir! *[Exit]*

KING LEAR.

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Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en!
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst:
For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. —
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away
to prison:

Two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, ^{too, —}
 out; —
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I eat
 thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven
 And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eye
 The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fel
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see t
 starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, Captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*giving a paper.*] go, for
 them to prison:
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost.
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this, — that it
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword: — Thy great employ
 Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't
 Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when t
 hast done,
Mark, — I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demand^{ed},
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our power
 Bore the commission of my place and person
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should
 band you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets,

Gon. Holla, Holla!
 That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squ

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I sh^d
 answer

From a full-flowing stomach. — General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony
 Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good,

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my
 thine.

[To *Edm*]

Alb. Stay yet; bear reason: — Edmund I
 rest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine arrest,
 This gilded serpent: [pointing to *Gon.*] —
 your claim, fair s

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord;
And I, her husband, contradict your bans:
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: — Let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person;
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*throwing down a glove.*]
I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not. I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange, [*throwing down
a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho,

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet sound, —
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, waits lists of the army, will maintain upon the supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a fold traitor, let him appear at the time of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

Her. Again.

Her. Again.

[1.

2.

3.]

[Trumpet answer

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a

*Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he
Upon this call o' the trumpet.*

Her. What are you?

*Your name, your quality? and why you
This present summons?*

*Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and even
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.*

Alb. Which is that adversary?

*Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edm.
of Gloster?*

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to

Edg. Draw thy sword;

*That, if my speech offend a noble heart
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honour
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place,
and
nence,*

*Despite thy victor sword, and fire new
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art
False to thy gods, thy brother, and*

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince;
And, from the extreamest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No.
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart?
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. — Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloucester.
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to
answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: — Hold, Sir:
Thou worse than any name, read thine own
evil: —

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not
thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous?
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit Gon.*]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; go
[*To an Officer, who goes*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with
have I done;

And more, much more: the time will
out;

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou
noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edm.*
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son,
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did promise
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy Prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of
ther?

Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. Let
tale;—

, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst! —

bloody proclamation to escape,
follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweet-
ness!

with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
or than die at once!) taught me to shift
a madman's rags: to assume a semblance
very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
I my father with his bleeding rings,
precious stones new lost; became his guide;
him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair;

(O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
sure, though hoping, of this good success,
'd his blessing, and from first to last
him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
too weak the conflict to support!)
at two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
smilingly.

This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
look as you had something more to say.

If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
I am almost ready to dissolve,
ing of this.

This would have seem'd a period
such as love not sorrow; but another,
mplify too-much, would make much more,
top extremity.

Just as I was big in clamour, came there a man,
having seen me in my worst estate,
and my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
sten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my fat
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and of hi
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of li
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sou
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir, the banish'd Kent; wh
disguise
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him ser
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man, speak.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady: and
sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both;
three.

Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they aliv
dead?—

This judgment of the heavens, that make
tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [Exit C

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, Sir.

Alb. O! it is he,
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's
Cordelia? —

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: Some good I mean
to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send; —
Be brief in it, — to the cattle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: —
Hay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run —

Edg. To who, my Lord? — Who has the of-
fice? send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. *[Exit EDMUND.]*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear with me
awhile.

[*EDMUND is brought in*]

Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms.

EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—
are men of flesh and blood,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them
That heaven's vault should crack:—
gone for ever
I know when one is dead, and when one
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass
If that her breath will mist or stain the wind,
Why, then, she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs: she lives! if it be
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Exit*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers,
torturers all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's
ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st—Her voice was e'er

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee

Off. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faul-
chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius;

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and
rotten.

Kent. No, my good Lord: I am the very
man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and
decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain
it is

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. —

You lords and noble friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: You, to your rights;
[To EDGAR and KENT.

With boot, and such additions as your honours
Have more than merited — All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no,
no life;

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you undo this button: Thank you, Sir! —
Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her
lips. —

Look there, look there! [He dies.

Edg. He faints! — My Lord, my Lord. —

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. — Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[to KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must
obey:

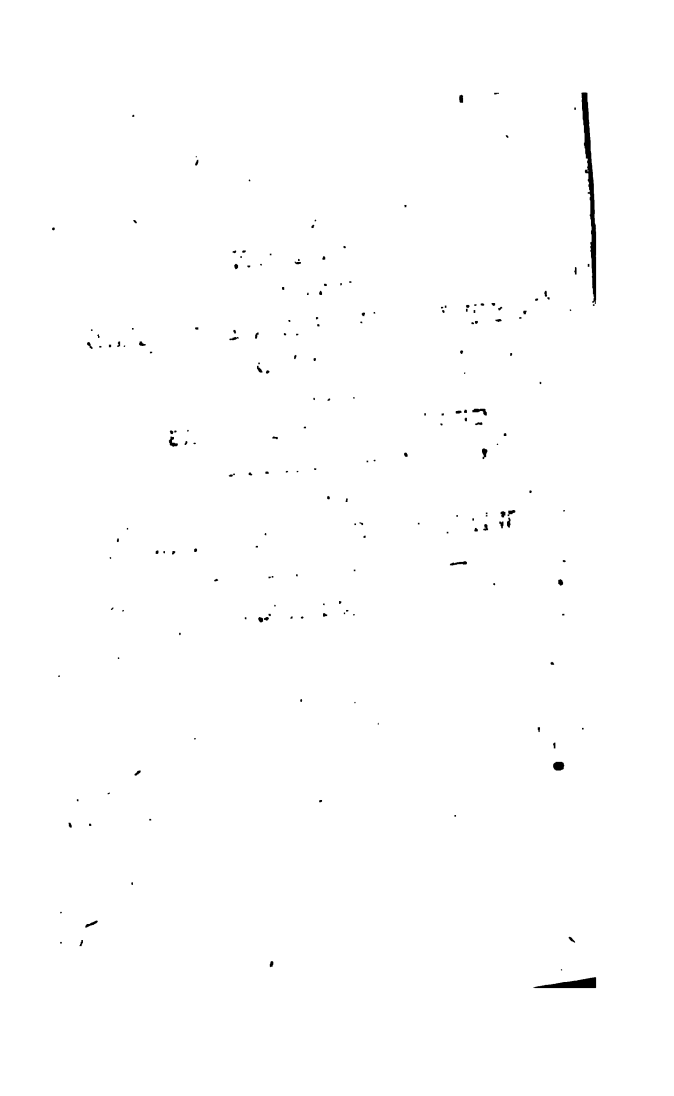
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead march.]



▲
**SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.**

VOLUME XIX.



NOTES TO KING LEAR

* * The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leir King of England, and his three Daughters*." A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607.

From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, wherever our author seems more immediately to have followed them.

in the course of my notes on the play. For *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. I. Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K* in the second book and 10th canto of *S. Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter third book of Warner's *Albion's England*.

The whole of this play, however, could have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's ; let to which it contains so many reference will appear in the notes) was not published a year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 506. ed. tells a similiar story to this of *Leir* or *Le Ina* King of the West Saxons; which, if the ever happened, probably was the real ori the fable. See under the head of *Wise Sp*

The story told by Camden in his *Rem* 4to. 1605; is this: — Ina, King of West S had three daughters, of whom upon a time I manded whether they did love him, and so do during their lives, above all others: the elder swore deeply they would; the youngest the wisest, told her father flatly, without fl that albeit she did love, honour, and rev him, and so would whilst she lived, as m nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermost expect, yet she did think that one day it come to passe that she should affect an more fervently, meaning her husband, she were married; who being made one flesh her, as God by commandment had told, nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to saking father and mother, kisse and kinne.

s.] One referreth this to the daughters of
 I think, more probable that Shakspeare
 is passage in his thoughts, when he wrote
 ia's reply concerning her future marriage,
the Mirrour for Magistrates, as Camden's
 was published recently before he appears to
 proposed this play, and that portion of it
 is entitled *Wise Speeches*; where the fore-
 passage is found, furnished him with a hint
folanus.

story of King Leir and his three daughters
 iginally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from
 Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chro-
 hakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs
 from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old
 a the same subject probably first suggested
 the idea of making it the ground-work of
 dy.

frey of Monmouth says that Leir, who was
 eat son of Bladud, "nobly governed his
 for sixty years." According to that historian,
 about 800 years before the birth of Christ.

name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in
 y's history, in Holinshed; *The Mirrour for*
trates, and the old anonymous play, is
lla, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakspeare
 softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his
 Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and
 id were probably suggested by Holinshed.
Chronicle, Vol. I. pag. 122: "*Edgar*, the
Edmund, brother of Athelstane," &c.

tragedy, I believe, was written in 1606.
 Attempt to ascertain the order of Shak-
 s plays.

As the episode of Gloster and his sons is evidently formed on the story of the blind Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I shall it, at the end of the notes. MALONE.

Page 3, l. 9. — *in the division of the kingdom*. There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The King has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he examines his daughters, to discover in what portions he should divide it. Perhaps King Gloster only were privy to his design, which was still kept in his own hands, to be changed or formed as subsequent reasons should dictate to him. JOHNSON.

P. 3, l. 10 — 12. — *for equalities are so great, that curiosity in neither can make change in either's moiety.* Curiosity, for exactness. The sense of the whole sentence is, The merits and properties of the several divisions weighed and balanced against one another, the exactest scrutiny could not determine, transferring one share to the other. WARREN.

Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. ST.

The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half*, of two equal parts; but Shakespeare conveys it for any part or division. STEVENSON.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* synonymously to any part or portion. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 23. — *the issue of it being so handsome*. MALONE.

P. 3, l. 25. — *some year elder than this year*, is an expression used when we speak *relatively*. STEVENSON.

P. 4, l. 20. Mean-time we shall express our
darker purpose.] *Darker*,
or more secret; not for indirect, oblique.

WARBURTON.

This word may admit a further explication.
We shall express our darker purpose; that is,
we have already made known in some measure
our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now
discover what has not been told before; the rea-
sons by which we shall regulate the partition. This
interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial
dialogue. JOHNSON.

P. 4, l. 30. — a constant will —] Seems a
confirmation of *fast* intent. JOHNSON.

Constant is *firm, determined*. *Constant will*
the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. STEVENS.

P. 5, l. 19. *Beyond all manner of so much*
I love you.] *Beyond* all as-
signable quantity. I love you beyond limits; and
cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever
should name, it would be yet more. JOHNSON.

P. 5, line 24. *with champains rich'd,*
rich'd is used for *enriched*, as *'tice* for *entice*,
ate for *abate*, *strain* for *constrain*, &c.

M. MASON.

P. 5, l. 29—31. I am made of that self metal
as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, she names, &c.

That is, *And so may you, prize me at her*
worth, as in my true heart I find, that she
names, &c. TYRWHITT.

I believe we should read:

"And prize *you* at her worth
That is, set the same high value u
she does. M. MASON.

*Prize me at her worth, perhaps m
myself as worthy of your favour as*

P. 5, l. 32. 33. Only she comes
that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other
seems to stand without relation, b
to *find*, the first conjunction being
suppressed. I find *that* she names
find that I profess, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this: — "A
equally expressed my sentiments, on
short of me in this, that I profess my
to all joys but you." — *That I pro
in that I profess.* M. MASON.

P. 5, l. 54. *Which the most pr
of sense poss
haps square* means only compass,
sion. JOHNSON.

I believe that Shakspeare uses sq
full complement of all the senses. I

P. 6, l. 2. 3. — — my love's
More richer than *my tongue*.
read — *their tongue*, meaning her

I think the present reading right.

P. 6, l. 6. *Validity*, for worth, v
integrity, or good title. WARBURTON

P. 7, l. 16. — from this, — }
time. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 12. — *his generation* — } i. e. *his children*. MALONE.

P. 7, l. 21. [*To Cordelia.*] As Mr. Heath supposes, *to Kent*. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that Kent did not yet deserve such treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were "Good my Liege."

REED.

Surely such quick transitions or inconsistencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly suited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choicest King so harsh a sentence, having only interposed in the mildest manner. Afterwards indeed, when he remonstrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the King exclaims — "Out of my sight!" MALONE.

P. 7, last but one l. — *all the additions to a King;*] All the titles belonging to a King. MALONE.

P. 8, first l. The *execution of the rest* is, I suppose, *all the other business*. JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 7. *As my great patron thought on in my prayers.*] An allusion to the custom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer. HENLEY.

P. 8, l. 23. *Reverbs* is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

P. 8, l. 25. 26. *My life I never held but as a pawn*

To wage against thine enemies;] I never

regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies. STEEVENS.

I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn* in chess is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakspeare has several allusions to this game. HENLEY.

P. 8, L. 29. 30. *See better, Lear; and let me still remain*

The true blank of thine eye.] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. *See better*, says Kent, *and keep me always in your view.* JOHNSON.

P. 8, l. 31. Lear. Now, by *Apollo*,—] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on *the temple of Apollo*, and was killed. MALONE.

Are we to understand from this circumstance, that the *son* swears by *Apollo*, because the *father* broke his neck on the temple of that deity?

STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 9—13. — — *and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our
power;*

*(Which nor our nature nor our place can
bear,)*

*Our potency made good, take thy reward.]
Strain'd pride.* The oldest copy reads — — *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; *pried* passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

Power, for execution of the sentence.

WARRANT.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence.* STREYENS.

As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*.— Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear. — Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

In *Othello* we have again nearly the same language:

"My spirit and my place have in them power

"To make this bitter to thee." MALONE.

P. 9, l. 14. 15. *Five days we do allat thee,*
for provision

To shield thee from diseases of the world;]
Thus the quartos. The folio has *disasters*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter inconveniencies, troubles, or distrasses of the world. The provision that Kent could make in five days, might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*.

MALONE.

Which word be retained is, in my opinion,

quite immaterial. Such recollection as an interval of five days will afford to a considerate person, may surely enable him in some degree provide against the *disasters*, (i. e. calamities of the world. STEEVENS.

P. 9, l. 19. — *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he has Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

P. 9, l. 31. *He'll shape his old course*] I will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 5. *Quest of love is amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with *The Faëry Queen*. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 10. *When she was dear to us, did hold her so;*] esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which you say, we promised to give her. MALONE.

P. 10, l. 12. — *seeming* —] is beautiful
JOHN

Seeming rather means *specious*. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 18. — with those infirmities *she* or i. e. is possessed of. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 24. *Election makes not up or conditions.*] To *up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as *made up the bargain*; but in this sense I think, always the subject noun after *make up*, in familiar language, is neuter *come forward, to make advances*, which, is meant here. JOHNSON.

I should read the line thus:—

Election makes not, upon such

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a decision*; in the same sense as when we say, "I have *made up* my mind on that subject." MALONE.

P. 11, l. 5. 6. — *or your fore-vouch'd affection*

Fall into taint.] *Taint* is a term belonging to falconry. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 26—28. — Love is not love,
When it is mingled with *respects*, that stand
Aloof from the entire point.] With *respects*,
i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations.

JOHNSON.

Aloof from the entire point. i. e. Single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity;

"Who seeks for aught in love but love alone."
STEEVENS.

P. 12, l. 17. Thou lovest *here*, a better *where*
to find.] *Here and where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 6. — *plaited cunning* —] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. JOHNSON.

P. 13, l. 8. *Who cover faults, at last shame them derides*.] In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in Scripture: *Prov. xxviii. 13.* "He that *covereth* his sins shall not prosper: but whose confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy."

HENLEY.

P. 13, l. 26..27. — *of long-engrafted condi-*

tion,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit. MALONE.

P. 13, l. 34. — *let us hit together:*] i. e. let us agree. STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 2. *We must do something, and i' the heat.*] i. e. we must *strike while the iron's hot*. STEEVENS.

P. 14, l. 7. 8. Edm. *Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law*

My services are bound:] Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do, but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

"Now gods stand up for bastards!"

STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural* son: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*. M. MASON.

P. 14, l. 8.—13. — *Wherefore should I*

Stand in the plague of custom; and permit

The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen

moths-shines

Lag of a brother?] The word *plague* is all the old copies: I can scarcely think right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to p

consideration proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON. The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Therefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of tom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented in consequence of the contempt with which tom regards those who are not the issue of awful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to *the place, the country, the boundary of custom*; a word, I believe, to be found only in *juror*. STEEVENS.

Curiosity, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness of manners, dress, &c.* STEEVENS.

By "the *curiosity of nations*" Edmund means *nicety, the strictness of civil institution*. So, even Hamlet is about to prove that the dust Alexander might be employed to stop a bungler. Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*." M. MASON.

To deprive was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. STEEVENS.

Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but his argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any* &c. HANMER.

l. 14, l. 18 & fol. *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take*

More composition and fierce quality, &c.]
Much the following lines are in character

may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturae*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. "*O utinam extra legitimum et connubialem thorum essem procreatus!*" *Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluissent ardentius, ac cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, e quibus ego formae blanditiam et elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuisset.* At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis." Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject.

WARBURTON.

P. 15, first l. — subscrib'd *his power!*] To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building. JOHNSON.

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards: "—You owe me no *subscription*." MALONE.

The folio reads — *prescribed*. STEEVENS.

P. 15, l. 2. — *exhibition!*] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

P. 15, l. 2. 3. — *All this done*

Upon the gad!] To do upon the gad to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice cattle run madding when they are stung by gad fly. JOHNSON.

Done upon the gad is done suddenly.

before; while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. RITTON.

P. 15, l. 25. — he wrote this but as an *essay* or *taste* of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read — *assay* or *test* of my virtue; they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. JOHNSON.

Essay and *Taste*, are both terms from royal tables. Mr. Henley observes, that in the eastern parts of this kingdom the word *say* is still retained in the same sense. STEEVENS.

To *assay* not only signified to make trial of coin, but to *taste* before another; *praelibo*. In either sense of the word might be used here.

MALONE.

P. 15, l. 30. — *an idle and fond bondage*] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

P. 16, last but one l. *Pretence* is design, purpose. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 10. — *wind me into him*,] I once thought it should be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*.

JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 11, 12. — *frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.*] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. WARBURTON.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

It seems to me, that *I would anstate myself* in this passage means simply *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

Both Warburton and Johnson have mistaken the sense of this passage, and their explanations are such as the words cannot possibly imply. Gloucester cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar. He says, "Can he be such a monster?" He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*. Othello uses the word *resolved* in the same sense more than once.

M. MASON.

Though *to resolve* in Shakspeare's time certainly sometimes meant to *satisfy*; *declare*; or *inform*, I have never found the substantive *resolution* used in that sense: and even had the word ever borne that sense, the author could not have written, *to be in a due resolution*; but must have written *to attain a due resolution*. Who ever wish'd "to be in due information" on any point?

Mr. Ritson's explanation of the word — *resolution*, concurs with that of Mr. M. MASON.

P. 17, l. 13. 149 — *convey the business*]. To convey is to carry through; in this place it is to manage artfully. *conveyance* of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 17 — 199. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet not finds itself scourged by the sequent effects.

is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

P. 17, l. 52 & fol. *This is the excellent sop-pary of the world! &c.*] In Shakespeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As You like It*, the fantastick humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seems to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural

crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety, to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil. Book IV, v. 383. Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Aesop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologick atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hé, hé, disent ils — Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieux, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des Planetes, quiconque coignée perdra, soudain deviendra riche?" — *Nou Prol. du IV. Livre.* — But return to Shakspeare. So blasphemous a delusion therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to pose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in time a kind of religious reverence paid to it was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in

pliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he with great judgement, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

"By all the operations of the orbs,
"From whom we do exist and cease to be."

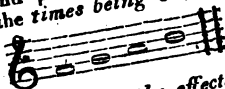
For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

P. 18, l. 14. — *and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*] I think this passage intended to ridicule the very awkward conventions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and when the poet wants them on the stage.

WARNER.
18, l. 16. 17. — O, these eclipses do portend divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and more left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shows by the context he was well acquainted with the property of syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of so unnatural, that ancient musicians disapproved their use. The monkish writers on
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musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a tritonus, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies compares the dislocation of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi*. DR. BURNBY.



P. 18, l. 24 & fol. I promise you, the effects he writes of, &c.] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 25. 26. Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd

With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen abus'd.] The sense seems to be this: Old men must be treated with checks, when as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries: or, when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks. There is a play of the words used and abused. To abuse is, our author, very frequently the same as to deceive. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical.

KING LEAR.

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Shakespeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning, I believe, is — old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of. TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools — must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen to be used.* TYRWHITT.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The sentiment of Goneril is obviously this: — "When old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion, harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission." When *flatteries are seen to be abused* by them, *checks must be used*, as the only means left to subdue them. HENLEY.

P. 21, l. 7. 8. Kent. *If but as well I other accents borrow,*

That can my speech diffuse; We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech well as I have changed my dress. To diffuse* — signifies to disorder it, and so to disguise Or, it may mean to speak broad, with a rough accent. STEEVENS.

Diffused certainly meant, in our author's time, irregular, heterogeneous. MALONE.

l. 24. 25. — *to converse with him that* — *and says little;* To converse signifies *stately and properly to keep company, not*

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to discourse or talk. His meaning
 excuses for his companions men of
 caution; men who are not talkers no

We still say in the same sense
 minimal conversation with her—men

P. 21, l. 26. — and to eat no
 Elizabeth's time the Papists were
 with good reason, enemies to
 Hence the proverbial phrase of,
man, and eats no fish; to signify
 the government and a Protestant
 on a religious account, being
 a badge of popery, that when
 a season by act of parliament,
 ment of the fish-towns, it was
 to declare the reason; hence
fast. To this disgraceful bad
 alludes in his *Woman-hat*
 courtesan say, when Lazari
 umbrano's head, was seized
 intelligencers for a traitor
 glad you have discovered he
 eaten under my roof for to
 I did not like him, when
 And Marston's Dutch Colonel
 none of the wicked that

P. 23, l. 14. — jea
 phrase King Lear means
jealousy, resulting from
 of his own dignity. S.

P. 23, l. 14. Preter
signifies design. S.

P. 23, l. 19. — *the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. STEEVENS.

P. 23, l. 31. *Do you bandy looks with me,*] A metaphor from Tennis. STEEVENS.

P. 24, l. 18. — *thou'lt catch cold shortly :*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

P. 24, l. 19. *There, take my coxcomb :*] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

P. 24, l. 22. — *nuncle ?*] *Aunt* is a term of respect in France. And at this day the lower people in Shropshire call the Judge of assize — “my *nuncle* the Judge.” VAILLANT.

P. 24, l. 23. *'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.*] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read — *an' two daughters ;* i. e. *if.* FARMER.

P. 24, l. 25. *Living* in Shakespeare's time signified estate, or property. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 25 — 27. *I'd keep my coxcombs myself : There's mine ; beg another of thy daughters.*] The fool means to say, that it is by begging only that the old King can obtain any thing from his daughters : even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation. MALONE.

P. 24, l. 30. 51. — *he must be whipp'd when Lady, the brach, may stand by t. and stink.*] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting

“*Nos quidem hodie brach dicimus de cat minea, quae leporem ex odore persequitur.*” *Gloss. in voce Bracco.*”

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. burton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. *your'd animal*. The third quarto has a much unmannerly reading, which I would not establish: but the other quarto editions con reading *lady oth'e brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. STEEVENS.

P. 25, l. 3. *Lend less than thou owest*, is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To old English, is *to possess*. If *owe* be taken *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would

Lend more than thou owest. JOHNSON

P. 25, l. 5. *Learn more than thou trow*. To *throw*, is an old word which signifies *to lose*. The precept is admirable. WARBURTON.

P. 25, l. 23. — P. 26, l. 1—4. This differs from *No, lad, teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure the monopolies. JOHNSON.

P. 26, first l. — *if I had a monopoly on the world, I would have part on't.*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the avarice and avarice of the courtiers, who come in for their shares with the patentees. WARBURTON.

P. 26, l. 15. 16. *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*

For wise men are grown foppish;
never was a time when fools were less in

and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

P. 26, l. 21. 22. — *ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother:*] i. e. when you invested them with the authority of a mother. MALONE.

P. 26, l. 27. *That such a King should play*
bo-peep,] Little more
 of this game, than its mere denomination, remains. It is mentioned, however, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1593, in company with two other childish plays, which it is not my office to explain:

"Cold parts men plaie, much like old plaime
bo-peepe,

"Or counterfait, in dock-out-nettle, still."
 STEVENS.

P. 27, l. 5 — 7. How now, daughter? what makes that *frontlet* on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. STEVENS.

A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. Lear, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 10. — *now thou art an O without a figure:*] The fool means to say, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure. MALONE.

P. 27, l. 17. *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] Now a *nere husk*, which contains nothing. The outside

of a King remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. JOHNSON.

The robing of Richard II's effigy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. TOLLET.

P. 27, l. 26. — *put it on*] i. e. promote, push it forward. STEEVENS.

P. 27, l. 27. By your *allowance*;] By your *ap-
probation*. MALONE.

P. 27, last l. *So, out went the candle, and we
were left darkling.*] Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words — *So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of some old song. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastick. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this fool's speeches.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

P. 28, l. 4. 5. — *and put away these dispositions,
which of late transform you from what you rightly
are.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads — *trans-
port* you. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 7. *Whoop, Jug!*] There are in the fool's speeches several passages which seem to be

proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEVENS.

P. 28, l. 12—16. *Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.*] His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read:

Of sovereignty of knowledge.—

i. e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet*,—*Sovereignty of reason*. And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. WARBURTON.

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had, or had not, daughters. No logick, I apprehend could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus:—*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded. — I had daughters. — Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whe-

ther she is Goneril, and whether he himself
Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

— *Are you our daughter?*

Upon her going on in the same style, I
to question his own sanity of mind, and
personal identity. He appeals to the hyst

Who is it that can tell me who I am?
I should be glad to be told. For (if
judge myself) *by the marks of sovereignty,*
ledge, and reason, which once distinguish
(but which I have now lost) *I should*
(against my own consciousness) *persuade*
am not Lear). He then slides to the exam-
of another distinguishing mark of Lear:

— *I had daughters.*

But not able, as it should seem, to draw
so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to
doubt concerning Goneril, —

Your name, fair gentlewoman? Tell me.

This note is written with confidence dis-
tinct to the conviction which it can bring
might as well know by the marks and tokens
ing from sovereignty, knowledge, and
that he had or had not daughters, as he could
by any thing else. But says he, if I judge
tokens, I find the persuasion false by which
thought myself the father of daughters. J.

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's im-
pointing this passage, as I do not think the
reignty of knowledge can mean *understand-*
and if it did, what is the difference betw-
derstanding and reason? In the passage he
from Hamlet, *sovereignty of reason* ap-
me to mean, the ruling power, the govern-
reason; a sense that would not answer in the
Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations are inge-

not satisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnson's explanation, though it would be certainly just had Lear expressed himself in the past, and said, "I have been false persuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the just explanation of the passage as it stands. The meaning appears to me to be this:

"Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion; — I cannot be."

I could not at first comprehend why the tokens of sovereignty should have any weight in determining his persuasion that he had daughters; but, by the marks of sovereignty, he means, those tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him. M. MASON.

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of sovereignty*. In the midst of his prodigality to his children, he reserved to himself *the name and all the additions to a King*. — Shakspeare often means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow, *but a man, a King, and a father*. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural hags*, and never proceeded from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?* MALONE.

R. 28, l. 17. *Which they will make an obedient father.*] *Which,*

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is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 20. This admiration is much o' the favour] i. e. of the complexion. STEEVENS.

P. 28, l. 29. — *a grac'd palace.*] A palace graced by the presence of a Sovereign. WARBURTON.

P. 28, l. 33. *And the remainder, that shall still depend,*] Depend,

for continue in service. WARBURTON.

P. 29, l. 12 — 14. Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,

Than the *sea-monster*!] Mr. Upton observes that the *sea-monster* is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude Sandys, in his travels, says — "that he kille his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

P. 29, l. 22. Mr. Edwards conjectures that an *engine* is meant the *rack*. He is right. *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the *rack*. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 5. — her *derogate* body] *Dero* for *unnatural*. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *blasted*. JOHN

Her *shrunk* and *wasted* body. MALONE.

Degraded (Dr. Johnson's first explanation) surely the true one. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 8. And be a *thwart disnatur'd* torment to her!] *Thwart* as a noun adjective is not frequent in our language, it is however to be found in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578, "Sith fortune *thwart* doth crosse my joys with care." HENDERSON.

Disnatur'd is wanting natural affection. STEEVENS.

P. 30, l. 10. With *cadent tears* —] Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *candent*.

STEEVENS.

The words — *these hot tears*, in Lear's next speech, may seem to authorize the amendment; but the present reading is right. It is a more severe imprecation to wish, that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

M. MASON.

P. 30, l. 11. 12. Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,

To laughter and contempt;] "Her mother's pains" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "disnatured babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them,) but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child.

Benefits mean *good-offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. "Her mother's pains" means — the pains which she (Goneril) takes as a mother. MALONE.

P. 30, l. 28—33. *That these hot tears, which
break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. — Blast
and fogs upon thee!*

*The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond
eyes,*

Beweepe this cause again, &c.] I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages. — *That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause again, &c.* JOHNSON.

Untented wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a tent in them to digest them and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

P. 31, l. 26. *At point,]* Completely armed, consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 11. 12. *And thereto add such re
of your own,*

As may compact it more.] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent count. JOHNSON.

P. 32, l. 17. *You are much more attas
want of wisdom.*
a common phrase now with parents and

esses: *I'll take' you to task, i. e. I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task, therefore, is to be liable to reprehension and correction.* JOHNSON.

P. 32, l. 29. 30. *If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster.

JOHNSON.

P. 33, l. 8. — *thy other daughter will use thee kindly:*] The *Popl* uses the word *kindly* here in two senses; it means *affectionately*, and like the best of her *kind*. M. MASON.

P. 33, l. 18. *I did her wrong:*] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

P. 33, last but one l. Lear. *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him.

STEVENS.

The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife: "Well well; the event:" — what Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regán:—

"— Yet I have left a daughter,

"Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

"When she shall hear this of thee, with her
nails

"She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

"That *I'll resume the shape, which thou
dost think,*

"I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee."

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" HENLEY.

P. 34, l. 13 — 15. Fool. *She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.*] This idle couplet is apparently addressed to the females present at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who "spoke more shan was set down for him."

I am aware, that such liberties were exercised by the authors of *Lochrine*, &c.; but can such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare? STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 27 — 29. *You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?*] *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*. STEEVENS.

P. 35, l. 8. And I have one thing, of a *queazy question*.] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate, unsettled*, what requires to be handled nicely.

STEEVENS.

Queazy is still used in Devonshire, to express that sickishness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke. HENLEY.

KING LEAR.

16.

P. 35, l. 18. 19. — Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of
Albany?] Upon his
party — i. e. on his own behalf. HENLEY.

The meaning is, have you said nothing upon
the party formed by him against the Duke of
Albany? HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and
would read:
Against his party, for the Duke of Albany?

P. 35, l. 20. Advise yourself.] i. e. consider.
collect yourself. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "Ad-
vise you what you say." STEEVENS.

P. 36, l. 5. 6. *Mumbling of wicked charms,*
conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress:] This
a proper circumstance to urge to Gloucester; who
ars, by what passed between him and his
rd son in a foregoing scene, to be very super-
is with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.
36, l. 26. — gasted —] Frighted. JOHNSON.

36, l. 29. 30. *Not in this land shall he re-*
main uncaught;
and found — Despatch. —] The sense is
noted. He shall be caught — and found

'll be punish'd. Despatch. JOHNSON.
, l. 32. My worthy arch] Chief; a word
ed only in composition, as arch-angel;
te. STEEVENS.

1. 2. And found him *right* to do it;
with curst speech]
nitched, fixed, settled. Curst is severe,
hemently angry. JOHNSON.
. 5. 6. — would the reposal
y trust, virtue, &c.] Would any

opinion that men have reposed in thy true-
tue, &c. WARBURTON.

P. 37, l. 9. *My very character,*] i. e. i.
handwriting. MALONE.

P. 37, l. 23—25. — *and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work thee
To make thee capable.*] i. e. capable
of my land, notwithstanding the
of thy illegitimacy. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 20. *He did how say his practice
Discover, betray.*

Practice is always used by Shakspeare
of *deceitful mischief*. STEEVENS.

P. 38, l. 27. *Whose virtue and obedience*
whose virtuous obedience. MALONE.

P. 39, first l. — *of some poize,*] i. e.
weight or moment. MALONE.

P. 39, l. 5. To answer *from our house*
at home, but at some other place. JOHN

P. 39, l. 15. *Good dawning to thee,*
Thus the folio. The quartos — *Good* *even*
S:

We should read with the folio — “*Good
to thee friend.*” The latter end of this scene
that it passed in the morning; for when
placed in the stocks, Cornwall says, “*I
shall sit 'till noon;*” and Regan replies,
“*noon, 'till night;*” and it passed very
the morning; for Regan tells Gloucester, in
ceding page, that she had been *threading*
ey'd night to come to him. M. Mason.

P. 39, l. 23 & fol. *If I had thee in a
pinfold, I would make thee care for me*
allusion which seems to be contained in the
do not understand. In the violent eruption
practices which bursts from Kent in this c

there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is cowardly; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-in-off clothes*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON. I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three-suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. *Three-suited knave* might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* could furnish him with. STEEVENS.

P. 39, l. 30. — *hundred-pound*,] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phoenix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

P. 39, last but one l. — *action-taking knave*;] a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring action for the assault, instead of resenting it as a man of courage. M. MASON.

. 40, l. 6. — *addition*] i. e. titles. The Statute Hen. V. ch. 5. which directs that in certain descriptions should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*.

MALONE. It is not only boisterous in his manners, but in his language. His excessive ribaldry pro-

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ceeds from an over-solicitude to prevent being discovered: like St. Peter's swearing from a similar motive. HENLEY.

P. 40, l. 14. *I'll make a sop of the moonshine of you.*] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one*. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a sop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. WARBURTON.

I much question if our author had so deep a meaning as is here imputed to him by his more erudite commentator. STEVENS.

Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. It *The Old Shepherd's Calendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, "One is *egges moneshine*." FARMER.

I suppose he means, that after having beaten Steward sufficiently, and made his flesh as soft moistened bread, he will lay him flat on ground, like a sop in a pan, or a tankard. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 16. *Barber-monger,*] Of this we do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking for a recommendation to the business of the f

A *barber-monger*; i. e. a sop, who deals with barbers, to adjust his hair and beard. M.

Barber-monger perhaps means one who sorts much with barbers. MALONE.

P. 40, l. 19. — *and take vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference. RITSON.

P. 40, l. 25. — *you neat slave,*] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. STEEVENS.

P. 41, l. 16. *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter?*] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. C (as Dr. Johnson supposed) cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied by any other, as *charity, chastity, &c.* STEEVENS.

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen: — S is become its *lieutenant general*. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." FARMER.

P. 41, l. 18. *I will tread this unbolted villain into a mortar,*] *Unbolted* i. e. unrefined by education, the brain yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse. WARBURTON.

This expression was much in use in our author's time. STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of lime, and therefore to break the lumps it necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* raw T.

P. 41, l. 26 — 28. — *Such smiling rog these,*

*Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in
Which are too intrinse t'unloose:]* B. *holy cords* the poet means the natural union b parents, and children. The metaphor is taken the *cords of the sanctuary*; and the fomen family differences are compared to these sacri rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARB

P. 41, l. 32. 33. *Renego, affirm, and
their halcyon be*

With every gale and vary of their ma
The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this l hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and means show from what point it blew. STE

P. 41, last but one l. A plague upon you
leptick visage.
frighted countenance of a man ready to fa
fit. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 1. 2. Goose, if I had you upon
plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camalot*
place where the romances say King Arthur l
court in the West; so this alludes to some pro
speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are man
moors, where are bred great quantities of
so that many other places are from hence s
with quills and feathers. HANMER.

P. 42, l. 10. His countenance *likes me not.*] i. e. pleases me not. STEEVENS.

P. 42, l. 19. 20. — *constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature.*] Forces his *outside*
or his *appearance* to something totally *different*
from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

P. 42, l. 25. 26. Than twenty *silly* ducking ob-
servants,

That stretch their duties *nicely.*] *Silly* means
simple, or rustick.

"There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit,"
meaning Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nice-
ly* is with *punctitious folly*. Nais. Fr. STEEVENS.

Nicely is, I think, with the utmost exactness,
with an attention to the most *minute trifle*. So,
in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.
MALONE.

P. 42, l. 29. 30. — *like the wreath of radiant
fire*

On flickering Phoebus' front,] Dr. Johnson
in his *Dictionary* says this word means to *flutter*.
STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is too vague for the
purpose. To *flicker* is indeed to *flutter*; but in
a particular manner, which may be better exem-
plified by the motion of a *flame*, than explained
by any verbal description. HENLEY.

P. 43, first l. — *though I should win your dis-
pleasure to entreat me to it.*] Though I should
win you, displeased as you now are, to like me
so well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

P. 43, l. 12. 13. *And, in the fleshment of this
dread exploit,*

Drew on me here.] A young soldier
 flesh his sword, the first time he draws bl
 it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here metap
 applied to the first act of service which
 his new capacity, had performed for his
 and, at the same time, in a sarcastick
 though he had esteemed it an heroick
 trip a man behind, that was actually fall

P. 43, l. 14. 15. None of these rog
 cowards,

But Ajax is their fool.] Meaning
 should now express it. Ajax is a fool
 there are none of these knaves and cowa
 if you believe themselves, are not so br
 Ajax is a fool compared to them; alludi
 steward's account of their quarrel, where
 of Kent, "This ancient ruffian, whose li
 spared in pity to his gray beard." When
 compared to one who excels him very
 any art or quality — it is a vulgar exp
 say, "He is but a fool to him." M. N

The foregoing explanation of this pa
 suggested also by Mr. Malone, in his *Se
 pendix* to the *Supp. to Shakspeare*, 8vo
 opposition to an idea of mine, which I r
 low to have been erroneous. STEEVENS.

P. 43, l. 32. [*Stocks brought out.*] T
 the first time that stocks had been intro
 the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which wa
 early in the reign of King Henry VI.
 is put into them, and left there till he is
Perseveraunce and *Contemplacyon*. ST

P. 44, l. 11. [KENT is put in the st
 should be remembered, that formerl

houses, as still in some colleges, there were loveable stocks for the correction of the servants.

FARMER.

P. 44, l. 16. *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd:]* Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

P. 44, l. 25 — 28. Kent. *Good King, that must approve the common saw!*

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That angest better ~~for~~ worse. Hammer observes, that is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

Kent was not thinking of the King's being *turned out of house and home to the open weather*, a misery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worse reception from Edgar than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hammer therefore certainly misunderstood the passage. MALONE,

P. 44, l. 29 — 35. & P. 45, l. 1. Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter! — Nothing almost sees miracles,

But misery — I know 'tis from Cordelia;

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd.

Of my obscured course: and shall find time

From this enormous state, — seeking to give

Losses their remedies:] This passage, which

some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to

the margin, and others have silently still have faithfully printed according to the from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupted; it may be read thus:

—— Cordelia —— has been —— informed
Of my obscured course, and shall find
From this enormous state-seeking, to
Losses their remedies. ——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and the *enormous* care of seeking ~~for~~ *her* fortune; to allow her time, she will employ it in recovering her losses. This is harsh; perhaps something may be found. I have at least supplied a true reading of the old copies. *Enormous* wanted, out of rule, out of the ordinary of things. JOHNSON.

I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to him in moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free herself from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing representation uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage may be right; for although in the old ballad this play is supposed to be taken, Cordelia is *forced to seek her fortune*, in the play itself *Queen of France*, and has no fortune to seek. It is more difficult to discover the real meaning

this speech, than to refute his conjecture. It seems to me, that the verb, *shall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the sentence; and that the words *from this enormous state*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himself, dressed like a clown, and condemned to the stocks, — an enormous state indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this passage has arisen from a mistake in all the former editors, who have printed these three lines, as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himself; let the reader consider them in that light, as part of Kent's own speech, the obscurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this: — "I know that the letter is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obscured course) and shall gain time, by this strange disguise and situation, which I shall employ in seeking to remedy our present losses." M. Mason.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. M. Mason, (who has not however done justice to his own idea) I cannot but concur with Mr. Steevens, in ascribing these broken expressions to the letter of Cordelia. — For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the least insight to Cordelia's design; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that she knew his situation. But exclusive of this consideration, what hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition so deplorable as his — unless Cordelia should take an opportunity, from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils subsisting between Albany and Cornwall — of finding a time, to give losses their remedies? — Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of

wars toward, between these Dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having also discovered the situation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that she should avail herself of the first opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of restoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See Act III. sc. i. Act IV. sc. iii.] HENLEY.

In the old copies these words are printed in the same character as the rest of the speech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wishes for the rising of the sun, that he *may* read it. I suspect that two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*. This *enormous state* means, I think, the confusion subsisting in the state, in consequence of the discord which had arisen between the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herself.

MALONE.

My reason for concurring with former editors in a supposition that the *moon*, not the *sun*, was meant by the *beacon*, arose from a consideration that the term, *beacon*, was more applicable to the *moon*, being, like that planet, only designed for night-service. STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 18. — *elf all my hair in knots;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night.

STEEVENS.

P. 45, l. 21 — 24. *The country gives me proof
and precedent*

*Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare
arms*

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;] In *The Bellman of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*. "— he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke rantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines; some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin.

STEEVENS.

Wooden pricks, i. e. skewers. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right: the *euonymus*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick-wood*.

M. MASON.

P. 45, l. 26. Poor *pelting* villages,] *Pelting* is used by Shakspeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pelt* a skin. The poor being generally cloathed in leather. WARBURTON.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. JOHNSON.

P. 45, l. 27. To *ban*, is to curse. JOHNSON.

P. 45, last l. — *Poor Turlygood! poor T*
That's something yet; — Edgar I no
am.] Turlygood
 should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth ce
 there was a new species of gipsies, called
lupins, a fraternity of naked beggars,
 ran up and down Europe. However, the chur
 Rome hath dignified them with the name of *her*
 and actually burned some of them at Paris.
 what sort of religionists they were, appears
 Genebrard's account of them. "*Turlupin* (
corum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudende
& publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a *ba*
Tom-o'-Bedlams. WARBURTON.

Hammer reads — *poor Turluru*. It is pro
 the word *Turlygood* was the common co
 pronunciation. JOHNSON.

Edgar I nothing am. As Edgar I am outli
 dead in law; I have no longer any political
 tence. JOHNSON.

The critick's idea is both too complex and
 puerile for one in Edgar's situation. He is pur
 it seems, and proclaimed; i. e. a reward has
 offered for taking or killing him. In assuming
 character, says he, I may preserve myself
 Edgar I am inevitably gone. RITSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I
 exist; appearing as Edgar, I am lost. MALON

P. 46, l. 2 — 6. *Before Gloster's Castle. I*
Lear, &c.] It is not very clearly discovered
 Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he
 a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given c
 contents. He seems to have gone to visit G
 while Cornwall and Regan might prepare
 to *certain him*. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the Earl of Gloucester's in consequence of his having been at the Duke of Cornwall's and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the Earl of Gloucester's. His first words show this: "*'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and not send back my messenger (Kent).*" It is clear also from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the Duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the Duke and Duchess to the Earl of Gloucester's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding act, scene v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.* — The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the Duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakespeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the Earl of Gloucester's castle, as his story required. TYRWHITT.

P. 46, l. 14. — *he wears cruel garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made. STEEVENS.

P. 46, l. 17. 18. — *when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*] *Over-lusty* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *saucesness*. STEEVENS.

Nether-stocks is the old word for stockings. *Breeches* were at that time called "*men's over-socks.*"

The stockings were formerly sewed to breeches. STEEVENS.

P. 47, l. 1—5. — 'tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage
To violate the publick and venerable character
a messenger from the King. JOHNSON.

To do an outrage upon *respect*, does not believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageously to *persons* of a respectable character, (though in substance is the sense of the words,) but rather to be *grossly deficient in respect* to those are entitled to it, considering *respect* as personified. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 13. 14. Delivered letters, *spite of*
intermission,

Which presently they read] *Intermission*
for another message, which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, cause it came between their leisure and the ward's message. WARBURTON.

Spite of intermission is *without pause*, *without suffering time to intervene*. STEEVENS.

Spite of intermission, perhaps means in spite of, or without regarding, that message which intervened, and which was entitled to preclude attention.

Spite of intermission, however, may mean in spite of being obliged to pause and take breath after having *panted forth* the salutation from mistress. MALONE.

P. 47, l. 15. They summon'd up their men;
straight took horse

Meiny, i. e. people. POPE.

Though the word *meiny* be now obsolete word *menial*, which is derived from it,

in use. On ~~whose~~ contents, means the contents of which. M. MASON.

Menial is by some derived from servants being *intra moenia* or domesticks. An etymology favoured by the Roman termination of the word. *Many*, in Kent's sense, for *train* or *retinue* was used so late as Dryden's time. HOLT WHITE.

P. 47, l. 26. *Winter's not gone yet,*] If this be their behaviour, the King's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

P. 47, last l. *But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours* for thy daughters, *as thou can'st tell in a year.*] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. HANMER.

— *for thy daughters,*] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the first part of the sentence *dolours* is understood in its true sense; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. MALONE.

P. 48; l. 1—4. *Lear*. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element's below!] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 236, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the pos-

session of the devil, viz. "The disease, I say, was a spice of the *Mother*, wherewith I ha troubled... before my going into Fraunce: w I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I not... When I was sicke of this disease in F a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capiti* riseth.... of a winde in the bottome of the and proceeding with a great swelling, ca very painfull collicke in the stomack, and traordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Sha would not have thought of making Lear a have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not sugg to him, when he was selecting the other culars from it, in order to furnish out his tter of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this dem gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

In p. 25 of the above pamphlet it is said Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica pass* seems, from his youth, he himself term *Mooother*." RITSON.

P. 48, l. 15. 16. *We'll set thee to sc an ant, to teach thee there's no labour the winter.*] "Go to the ant, thou sluggard Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wise: having no guide, over-seer, or ruler, p her meat in the *summer*, and gathereth h in the harvest."

By this allusion more is meant than is ex If, says the Fool, you had been school'd ant, you would have known that the King' like that sagacious animal, prefer the sum prosperity to the colder season of adversi

which no profit can be derived; and desert him, whose "mellow hangings" have been shaken down, and who by "one winter's brush" has been left "open and bare for every storm that blows."

MALONE.

P. 48, l. 16—19. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among *twenty*, but can smell him that's *stinking*.] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general.

STEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason supposes we should read *sinking*. What the Fool, says he, wants to describe is, the sagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whose fortunes are declining. REED.

Stinking is the true reading. STEVENS.

P. 48, l. 22—25. *When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense;—"I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

P. 48, l. 30—33. *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.] I think this

passage erroneous, though both the copies. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away
The knave no fool, —

That I stay with the King is a proof that a fool; the wise men are deserting him. The knavery in this desertion, but there is no fo

Jo

P. 49, last l. & P. 50, first l. *That t*
motion of the Duke

Is practice only.] From their own h
that of the Earl of Gloster. MALONE.

Practice is in Shakspeare, and other old
used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawy*
tifice. JOHNSON.

P. 50, l. 5. — *Sleep to death.*] This
stands, appears to be a mere nonsensical rhaps
Perhaps we should read — *Death to sleep*
of *Sleep to death*. M. MASON.

P. 50, l. 9. 10. *Cry to it, nuncle,*
Cockney did to the eels, when she put them
paste alive;] *Cockney*. It is not easy to de
the exact power of this term of contempt, w
the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of C
observes, might have been originally bo
from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad
Turnament of Tottenham, published
Percy in his second volume of *Ancient*
p. 24, it should seem to signify a cook:

"As that feast were they served in rich

"Every five and five had a cokeney."

i. e. a cook, or scullion, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*,
his Clown say, "I am afraid this great luh

world, will prove a *cockney*." In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which bears at present.

See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, vol. IV. p. 253. where the reader will meet with more information on this subject. STEEVENS.

Cockenay, as Dr. Percy imagines, cannot be a cock or scullion, but is some dish which I am unable to ascertain. My authority is the following pigram from Davies:

"He that comes every day, shall have a *cock-nay*,

"And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen."

Ep. on Eng. Prov. 179.

WHALLEY.

Mr. Malone expresses his doubt whether *cockney* means a *scullion*, &c. in *Turnament of Tottenham*; and to the lines already quoted from J. Davies's *course of Folly*, adds the two next:

"But cocks that to hens come but new and then,

"Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen."

I have been lately informed by an old lady that, during her childhood, she remembers having eaten kind of sugar pellets called at that time *cock-nays*. STEEVENS.

When she put them i' the *paste alive*;] Hinting at the eel and Lear are in the same danger.

JOHNSON.

This reference is not sufficiently explained. — the *paste*, or *crust of a pie*, in Shakspeare's time, was called a *coffin*. HENLEY.

P. 50, l. 25. 26. — she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,
here, —] Alluding to
fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

which is no better. May we not change it

You less know how to value her dear
Than she to *scan* her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *pro*,
Yet our author uses his negatives with suc-
ciousness, that it is hardly safe to make any
tion. — *Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to
proportion; which sense seems still to be
in the mechanical term *scantling*. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had proposed this
of *scant* into *scan*; but surely no alteration
cessary. [The other reading — *slack*, would
as well. You less know how to value her
than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. she
can be capable of being wanting in her
have at least given the *intended* meaning
passage. STEEVENS.

P. 51, l. 12. Do you but mark how
comes the *house*
order of families, duties of relation. WARREN.

P. 51, l. 14. *Age is unnecessary*:] i.
age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary*
without example; and I believe my learned
adjutor has rather improved than explained
meaning of his author, who seems to have
signed to say no more than that it seems *un-*
necessary to children that the lives of their
should be prolonged. *Age is unnecessary*
mean, old people are useless. STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means — *in want of necessities, unable to procure them.* TYRWHITT.

P. 51, l. 21. To *look black*, may easily be explain'd to *look cloudy or gloomy.* JOHNSON.

P. 51, l. 30. 31. You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by
the powerful sun,

To *fall* and blast her pride!] *Fall* is, I think; used here as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. MALONE.

I see no occasion for supposing with Malone; that the word *fall* is to be considered in an active sense, as signifying to *humble* or *pull down*; it appears to me to be used in this passage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, "You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn up by the sun in order to fall down again and blast her pride.

M. MASON.

I once proposed the same explanation to Dr. Johnson, but he would not receive it. STEVENS.

P. 51, last l. Thy *tender-hefted* nature shall
not give

Thee o'er to harshness;] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act. II. *Hest* is an old word signifying *command*.

STEVENS.

P. 52, l. 3. — *to scant my sizes*,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *sizer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or

till say I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 4. 5. — *but his own disorders*

Deserv'd much less advancement.] The word *advancement* is ironically used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, *a man is advanced to the pillory*. We should read:

— but his own disorders

Deserv'd much more advancement. JOHNSON. By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation; a situation not so reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him even to a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 7. I pray you, father, *being weak*,
seem so.] The meaning, since *you are weak* be content to think yourself weak. JOHNSON.

P. 53, l. 14 — 17. No, rather I abjure all roofs,
 and choose

To *wage* against the enmity o' the air;
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —
Necessity's sharp pinch!] To *wage* is often absolutely without the word *war* after it, and signifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn.

To *wage* against thine enemies.

words — *necessity's sharp pinch!* appear the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort of life he had described in the preceding lines.

STEEVENS.

, l. 21. To keep base life —] i. e. In a wretched state. JOHNSON.

l. 22. *Suinpster* is a horse that carries ne-

cessaries on a journey, though sometimes used the case to carry them in. STEEVENS.

P. 53, l. 31. — an *embossed carbuncle*,] *bossed*, is *swelling*, *protuberant*. JOHNSON

P. 55, l. 33. A *flaw* signifying a crack or similar imperfection, our author, with his atomized license, uses the word here for a broken particle. MALONE.

P. 56, l. 21 — 23. — — the bleak winds

Do sorely *ruffle*;] A *ruffler*, in our ant time, was a noisy, *boisterous*, swaggerer. MAL

P. 56, l. 29. And what they may *incense* him To *incense* is here, as in other places, to inst
MA

P. 57, l. 9. Contending with the *fretful element* i. e. the air. MALONE.

P. 57, l. 10 — 12. *Bids the wind blow the
into the sea,*

*Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main
That things might change, or cease:]*
main seems to signify here the *main land*,
continent.

This interpretation sets the two objects of desire in proper opposition to each other. He desires for the destruction of the world, either the winds blowing the land into the water raising the waters so as to overwhelm the la

STE

P. 57, l. 18. This night, wherein the *cub-d*
bear would co

Cubdrawn has been explained to signify *d*
by nature to its young; whereas it means, *the*
dugs are drawn dry by its young. For *animals*
leave their dens by night but for *pr*
that the meaning is, "that even hunger.

support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night." WARBURTON.

P. 58, first l. Either in *snuffs* and *packings* of the Dukes;] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has "*pack'd* cards with Caesar." STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 4. — *these are but* furnishings; —] *Furnishings* are what we now call *colours*, *external pretences*. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. STEEVENS.

P. 58, l. 5 — 8. — *from France there comes a power*

*Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet*

In some of our best ports,] This speech as it now stands is collected from two editions: the lines degraded by Mr. Pope are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did

not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene. *Scattered* means *divided, unsettled, dis-united*. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 9. *You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,*] *Thought-executing*, i. e. Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

P. 59, l. 14. *Crack nature's moulds, all ger-mens spill at once,*] Crack nature's mould, and spill all the seeds of matter, that are hoarded within it. THEOBALD.

To *spill* is to destroy. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 16. — *court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door,*] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, pag. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase. *Bau benite de cour*; fair empty words. STEEVENS.

P. 59, l. 25. *You owe me no subscription;*] *Subscription* for obedience. WARBURTON.

P. 59, l. 31. — — *'tis foul!*] Shameful; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 4. *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

Rather, "So many beggars marry;" meaning, that they marry in the manner he has described, before they have houses to put their heads in.

M. MASON.

P. 60, l. 7. *Shall of a corn cry woe,*] i. e. be grieved, or pained. MALONE.

P. 60, l. 15. 16. — *here's grace, and a odd-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.*] In Shakespeare's time, "the King's grace" was the usual

expression. In the latter phrase, the speaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools.

MALONE.

Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no discretion below the girdle*. STEEVENS.

P. 60, l. 19. 20. the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,]
Gallow, a west-country word; signifies to scare or frighten. WARBURTON.

So, the Somersetshire proverb: "The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms. STEEVENS.

P. 60, last but one l. — under covert and *convenient* seeming] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

P. 60, l. 1. 2. Rive your concealing continents,
These dreadful *summoners* grace.] *Continent* stands for that which *contains* or *incloses*. JOHNSON.

Summoners are here the *officers* that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

P. 61, l. 31. *When nobles are their tailors'*
tutors;] i. e. invent
fashions for them. WARBURTON.

P. 61, l. 32. *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches'*
suitors;] The disease
to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspeare's time the *brenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Isaiah*, iii. 24: " — — and burning
instead of beauty." STEEVENS.

reply, as to an interrogation that seemed to
on his own humanity. STEEVENS.

P. 64, l. 10. 11. — *But I'll go in:*

In, boy; go first.] These two lines were
ded in the author's revision, and are only
folio. They are very judiciously intended
present that humility, or tenderness, or neg
forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

JOH

P. 64, l. 18. Your *loop'd* and window'
gedness,] *Loop*

full of small apertures, such as were made
cient castles, for firing ordnance, or spyin
enemy. These were wider without than v
and were called *loops* or *loop-holes*: which
in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the
fenestella. MALONE.

Loops, as Mr. Henley observes, particula
castles and towers, were often designed "for
admission of light, where windows would
been incommodious." Shakspeare, he adds
Othello, and other places, has alluded to th

To discharge *ordnance*, however, from
holes, according to Mr. Malone's supposition
I believe, never attempted, because almost
possible;—although such outlets were suffic
adapted to the use of arrows. Many also of
loops, still existing, were contrived before
arms had been introduced. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 8. — whom the foul fiend had

through fire and through flame,] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

P. 65, l. 10. 11. — *that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halts in his pew;*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsenet's *Declaration*, 1603; and has used the very words of it.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. STEEVENS.

P. 65, l. 14. — Bless thy *five wits!*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. PERRY.

P. 65, l. 16. Bless thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and *taking!*] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 1. 2. — 'twas this flesh begot
Those *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

P. 66, l. 3. *Pillicock* —] The inquisitive reader may find an explanation of this word in a note annexed to Sir Thomas Urquart's translation of Rabelais, Vol. I. B. I. ch. ii. pag. 184, edit. 1750.

STEEVENS.

P. 66, l. 13. — *wore gloves in my cap,*] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaspe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of *plumes in graven helmets.*" WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as a favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from commonest creature*, and fix it in his helm.

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Ba for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear *his sake*: And King Henry V. gives the pret *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which after occasions his quarrel with the English soldie

STEER

P. 66, l. 20. — *light of ear*,] *Credulous* evil, ready to receive malicious reports. Jon

P. 66, l. 20. 21. *Hog in sloth, fox in ste* *wolf in greediness* etc.] The Jesuits pretend cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in shape of those animals that represented them before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures that particular sin; curling his hair to show vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring *sloth*, &c. — Harsnet's book, pag. 279, 280 "To this probably our author alludes." STEER

P. 66, l. 24. 25. Keep thy foot out of brothy hand out of *plackets*,] It appeareth from following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet* a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify petticoat in general, but only the aperture, the "— between which is discovered the open which is now called the *placket*." Bayly in *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the w

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some de meaning in *The Winter's Tale*, where Autol saith — "You might have pinch'd a *placket* was senseless."

partiality, nevertheless compelleth me to observe, that Master Coles in his Dictionary hath rendered *placket* by *sinus muliebris*: and a pleasant mentator who signeth himself T. C. hath also used instances in favour of that signification; saith he, — but hear we his own words:

Peradventure a *placket* signified neither a pet-
t nor any part of one; but a *stomacher*." See
word *Torace* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598.
ie brest or bulke of a man. — Also a *placket*
stomacher."

that, after all, this matter is enwrapped in
h and painful uncertainty. AMNER.

66, l. 27—29: *Says suum, mun, ha no
y, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him
by.*] *Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a ballad
the Two Noble Kinsmen (said to be written
Shakespeare in conjunction with Fletcher.) and
probably common to many others.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

this is a stanza from a very old ballad written
some battle fought in France, during which the
, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his
the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and
at those times) to the trial, is represented as
ous to restrain him from any attempt to estab-
an opinion of his courage on an adversary.
wears the least appearance of strength; and at
assists in propping up a dead body against a
for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore
different champions are supposed to cross the
, the King always discovers some objection to
L. XIX.

his attacking each of them, and repeats the lines as every fresh personage is introduced

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had count from an old gentleman, who was to repeat part of it, and died before I could suppose the discovery would have been of importance to me. — The words, *says mun*; are only to be found in the first folio were probably added by the players, who were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what was already concluded to be nonsense. STEEVENS

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*:

“God’s my life! — He shall be *L*
my boy!” FAIR

It is observable that the two songs to which Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no* are both sung by girls distracted from disaffection. HENLEY.

P. 67, l. 5. — this is a *naughty* night (in.] *Naughty* signifies *bad, unfit, improper*. This epithet which, as it stands here, is a smile, in the age of Shakspeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the fool before depended on his general image, and the quaintness of its auxiliary. STEEVENS.

P. 67, l. 9: 10. This is the foul fiend *Jigibbet*: he begins at curfew, &c.] — *Flebergibbet*: We are not much acquainted with the Latimer in his sermons mentions him; as wood, among his sixte hundred of *Epitaphs* edit. 1576, has the following, Of call *Flebergibbet*:

"Thou *Flebergibet, Flebergibet*, thou wretch
 "Wottest thou whereto last part of that word
 dost stretch?"

"Leave that word, or I'll baste thee with a
 libet;

"Of all woords I hate woords that end with
 gibet," STEEVENS.

"rateretto, *Fliberdigibbet*, Hoberdidance, To-
 to, were four devils of the round or mor-
 These four had forty assistants under
 , as themselves doe confesse." *Harsnet*,
 49. PERCY.

is an old tradition that spirits were relieved
 the confinement in which they were held
 g the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at
 lose of day, and were permitted to wander at
 till the first cock-crowing. Hence in *The*
best they are said to "rejoice to hear the
 in curfew. MALONE.

67, l. 11. — he gives the *web* and the *pin*,]
 ses of the eye. JOHNSON.

67, l. 14. — 18. *Saint Withold footed*
thrice the wold;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!] We
 read it thus:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,

He met the night-mare, and her *name told*,

Bid her alight, and her troth plight,

And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee *right*.

Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *down*,

He met the night-mare; who having told her name,

Bid her to alight from those persons whom

she rides; and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thes right*, i. e. depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders, and addressed to various saints. WARBURTON.

This is likewise one of the "magical cures" for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STREVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithalde footed thrice the olde anellthn night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thes, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rhyme) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold.

TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *cold* I suppose to be the true reading.

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, (mentioned in the next note,) is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681.

Lest the reader should suppose the compound *night-mare*, has any reference to horses—*mare*, a

may be observed that *maras*, Saxon; signifies an *incubus*. STEEVENS.

It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "*Swithin* footed thrice the *cald*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"*Swithin* footed thrice the *world*."

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the *provincial* pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography.

Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,

He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c.

FARMER.

I was surprised to see in the *Appendix* to the last edition of Shakspeare, [i. e. that of 1773] that my reading of this passage was "*Swithin* footed thrice the *world*." I have ever been averse to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the present instance, the rhyme, as well as the sense, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the press. *Wold* is a word still in use in the North of England; signifying a kind of down near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of Yorkshire is called the *Woulds*. COLMAN.

In Leicestershire, Kent, and some other counties, large tracts of land are in like manner distinguished. NICHOLS.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* misspelled, from following the sound.

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. MALONE.

P. 67, l. 25. 26. The wall-newt, and the *water*;] i. e. the *water-newt*. This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time. "He was a wise man and a merry," was the common language. So Falstaff says to Shallow, "he is your serving-man, and your husband," i. e. husband-man. MALONE.

P. 67, l. 29. 30. — who is whipp'd from *tything* to *tything*.] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. shall be publicly *whipped and sent* from parish to parish.

STEEVENS.

P. 67, last l. *But mice, and rats, and such small deer,*

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.]

This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere

"Was his meate that seven yere." Sig. F. iij.

PERCY.

P. 68, first l. — *Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!*] "The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio," &c. Harsnet, pag. 49. PERCY.

P. 68, l. 4. 5. Edg. The Prince of darkness is a fine gentleman;

Modo—he's call'd, and Mahu.] The first line

spoken in resentment of what Gloucester hath just said — "Has your Grace no *better* company?"

STEEVENS.

Modo he's call'd, and *Mahu*.] So, in Harsnet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See a book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth still in mee a Prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu*;" he is elsewhere called, "the Prince *odu*:" so, p. 269, "When the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great Prince *Modu* . . . out mee." STEEVENS.

In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch introduced which concludes with these two lines:

"The Prince of darkness is a gentleman:

"*Mahu*, *Mahu* is his name."

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech. REED.

P. 68, l. 10. — *my duty cannot suffer*] i. e. *my duty will not suffer me*, &c. M. MASON.

P. 68, l. 20. 21. I'll talk a word with this same *learned Theban*.] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage.

STEEVENS.

P. 68, l. 25. 26. *Importune him once more to go, my Lord,*

His wits begin to unsettle.] On this occasion I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, [Lord Orford] inserted in the postscript to his *serious Mother*. He observes, that when *videra* talks of

*"Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and si
amber,—*

she is not mad, but light-headed. When it has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least to appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not tempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a man discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his children; and every sentence that falls from his mouth excites reflection and pity. Had Lear really seized him, our compassion would abundantly conclude that he no longer felt unbalanced. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, as a poet." STEEVENS.

P. 69, l. 22-24. *Child Rowland to the tower came,*

His word was still,— Fie, foh, and

I smell the blood of a British man
The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old ballads and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. PERCY.

Child is a common term in our old metrical romances and ballads; and is generally, in all ways, applied to the hero or principal person who is sometimes a knight, and sometimes a thief. *Syr Tyramoure* is repeatedly so called.

before and after his knighthood. I think, however, that the first line is part of a translation of some Spanish, or perhaps, French, ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different subject: I find them in the Second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not as old as Shakspeare's time, may have been compiled from something that was so: They are uttered by a giant:

"*Fie, faw, fum,*

"*I smell the blood of an Englishman;*

"Be he alive, or be he dead,

"I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

English is here judiciously changed to *British*, because the characters are *Britons*, and the scene is laid long before the English had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not so attentive to propriety on every occasion. RITSON.

P. 70, l. 1-4. *Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a *provoking* merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.] *Provoking*, here means *stimulating*; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated him against a father that had none. M. MASON.

Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloucester, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? MALONE.

P. 70, l. 16. If I find him *comforting* the King,] He uses the word *comforting* in the juridical sense for *supporting*, *helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos.* — *Schol. Sal.*

JOHNSON.

Johnson refines too much on this passage; com-

by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, treth *Moros*, counterfaiting a vaine gesture foolish countenance, synging the foote of songs, as fooles were wont;” and among this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very suspected of corruption :

“Com over the *boorne* Bessé

“My little pretie Bessé,

“Com over the *boorne*, Bessé, to;

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers’ Company in the year 1564.

A *boorn* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or Hence the names of many of our villages date in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. former quotation, at once confirms the just Dr. Johnson’s remark, and supports the read

To this I may add, that *boorn*, a bound from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the G *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travel together. The author of *The Court of Conscience or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describes *beggars*, *idle rogues*, and *counterfeit mad*, thus speaks of these associates :

“Another sort there is among you;

“Do rage with furie as if they were
frantique

“They knew not what they did, but
day

“Make sport with stick and stone;
an antique;

“Stowt roge and harlot counter
gomme;

"One calls herself poor *Bessè*, the other
Tom." MALONE.

P. 71, l. 27. 28. *The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harsnet's book, (p. 225,) says, that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night called, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakespeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*. PERCY.

P. 71, l. 28. 29. *Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings.*] In Harsnet's book, p. 194. 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposeth, "—that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that she was troubled with a wind in her stomack, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the devil." And, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. STEEVENS.

"One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking in her belly*, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake *with the voice of a toad*." *Ibidem*. MALONE.

White herrings are pickled herrings. See *The Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8.

STEEVENS.
P. 72, l. 5-8. *Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A

shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* Yet a single tane upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What mynikin carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie; or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome." STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 9. *Pur! the cat is grey.*] *Pur* may be only an imitation of the noise made by a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harsnet's book, p. 50. MALONE.

P. 72, l. 16. *I took you for a joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression which occurs likewise in *Mother Imbie*, 1594, by Lyly. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 31. *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. 34. 54. *Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel*
grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach, or lym;] Names of particular sorts of dogs. POPE.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous says, — "all the lime-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent." — A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chase, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to *The Return from Parnassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache*

is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line:

"Here is a leyshe of *ratches* to renne an hare." STEEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the fleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Ulitius upon Gratins observes, "*Racha* Saxonibus canem significat, bat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane foemina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*." TOLLET.

The old copies have — *brache* or *hym*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. A *brache* signified a particular kind of hound, and also a bitch. A *hym* or *lyme*, was a bloodhound. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

P. 72, last but one l. Or bobtail *tike*,] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog:

"Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?"

Witches of Lancaster, 1634. STEEVENS.

P. 72, l. last but one l. — or *trundle-tail*;] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

"—your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 3. *Sessa*.] Here is *sessey* again, which I take to be the French word *cessez* pronounced *cessey*, which was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like,

be quiet, have done. It seems to have been dually corrupted into *so, so.* JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the 1st it is printed *sese*. It is difficult in this to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been on *Bessey* to come to him: and he came with equal propriety in the *Sessey* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible that this may be a part of some old song originally stood thus:

Sissy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns. —

STEELE

Dr. Johnson is surely right, in supposing *sessy* is a corruption of *cessez*, be quiet, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christopher the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew* and by Edgar himself in a preceding scene. “Dolphin, my boy, *Sessy*; let him trot by.” But it does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so.* RITSON.

P. 73, l. 5. Poor Tom, *thy horn is dry*, that begged under pretence of lunacy used merely to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said *had to say*. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a proverb current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words

Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, "—I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted; *my horn is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, "—I cannot daub it further." STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 11. — they are *Persian attire*; Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. — STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 13. Kent. *Now, good my Lord, lie here,*] i. e. on the cushions to which he points. He had before said,

"Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?" MALONE.

P. 74, l. 1–24. These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the constitution of the play, to attend the King to Dover; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him?

THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crochets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from *Shakespeare's* last revision, carelessly and hastily

performed, with more thought of shorter scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

P. 74, l. 12. *Leaving free things,*] clear from distress. JOHNSON.

P. 74, l. 19. Mark the *high noises*; *a selfbewray*,] A

the great events that are approaching, and made self known when that *false opinion* now pre- against thee shall, in consequence of *just* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence recall thee to honour and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

By the *high noises*, I believe, are meant loud tumults of the approaching war. STEVENS.

The *high noises* are perhaps the calamitous quarrels of those in a higher station than of which he has been just speaking. The however, may allude to the proclamation had been made for bringing in Edgar. M.

Bewray, which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*.

P. 75, l. 10. — farewell, *my Lord of Gloucester*. Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old Earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

P. 75, l. 16. A *questrist* is one who searches or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and Hanmer read — *questors*. STEVENS.

P. 75, l. 28. 29. — yet our power

Shall *do a courtesy* to our wrath, *a courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with. It is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

I believe, "do a *courtesy* to our wrath, *ly* means — *bend* to our wrath, as a courtesy is made by *bending* the body.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one*, may be traced from *Magna Charta*:

"—*nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale
judicium parium suorum.*"

STEEVENS.

P. 75, last l. Bind fast his *corky* arms.] Dry;
wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harsnet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, &c.* 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet: "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morrice gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

P. 76, l. 9. *By the kind gods*,] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *dii hospitales*, *kind gods*. So, Plautus, in *Poenulo*:

"*Deum hospitalem ac tesseram mecum fero.*"

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloucester. People always invoke their deities as they would have them show themselves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 14. Will quicken —] i. e. quicken into life. M. MASON.

P. 76, l. 15. 16. With robbers' hands, i.
pitale favours

You should not ruffle *thus*.] *Favour*
the same as *features*, i. e. the different
which a face is composed. STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 3. 4. — I. must *stand the c*
The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNS

P. 77, l. 8. *In his anointed fles*
boarish fangs,
quartos read — *rash* boarish fangs.

To *rash* is the old hunting term for the
made by a wild boar with his fangh. STE

P. 77, l. 13. *If wolves had at thy gate*
that stern time

the folio. Both the quartos read, — the
time. — *Dearn* is a north-country word
fying *lonely*, solitary, melancholy, uncom
far from neighbours. STEEVENS.

P. 77, l. 15. All cruels else *subscrib'd*:
ed, submitted to the necessity of the occasi

P. 77, l. 19. *Upon these eyes of thine*
my foot.] In S

Emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of.
pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, :

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never
day,

"Wanting the tapers that should give th
["*Pulls-out h*

Immediately after, his hands are cut off
introduced this passage to show that Shal
drama was not more sanguinary than the
contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602.
tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE

P. 77, last l. My villain!] Villai

perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

P. 78¹, l. 21.] That made the *overture* of thy treasons to us;] *Overture* is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us. Colles in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An *overt* act of treason, is the technical phrase. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 5-17. 1. Serv. *I'll never care what wickedness I do, &c.*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage.

THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant. JOHNSON.

P. 79, l. 8. And, in the end, *meet the old course of death,*] That is, *die a natural death*. MALONE.

P. 79, l. 22 & fol. *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,

The lowest, &c.] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemn'd, and known to yourself to be contemn'd. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd.

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which

NOTES TO

to throw off at pleasure. I do not think any
action necessary. JOHNSON.

the sentiment is this: — It is better to be thus
contemn'd and know it, than to be flattered by
those who secretly contemn us. HENLEY.

I cannot help thinking that this passage should
be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd to be worse.
The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*.
The first folio, which has a comma there, has a
colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech — *owes nothing to*
thy blasts — (in a more learned writer) might
seem to be copied from Virgil, Aen. xi. 51:

"Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam coele-
stibus ullis
"Debentem, vano moesti comitamur honor

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's
conjecture is well founded, and that the poet was
— *unknown*. MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's speech seems to be
Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and
known contemptible state, than, livi
affluence, to be flattered and despised at th
time. He who is placed in the worst and
state, has this advantage; he lives in ho
not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The
able change is from affluence to begg
laughs at the idea of changing for the w
is already as low as possible.

SIR JOSHUA
n. 80, l. 2-4. — *World, world,*

*But that thy strange mutations make us
hate thee,*

Life would not yield to age.] The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgement, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. **WARBURTON.**

O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death.

MALONE.

P. 80, l. 14. *Our mean secures us;*] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it.

STEEVENS.

P. 80, l. 17. *Might I but live to see thee in
my touch,*] So, in another scene, *I see it feelingly.* **STEEVENS.**

P. 80, l. 24. *Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may
be yet: The worst is not,*

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*] While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

"———To be worst,

"The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

"The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c."

WARBURTON.

P. 81, l. 22. — *daub*—] i. e. Disguise.

WARBURTON.

P. 81, l. 31-36. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; &c.] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harsnet's Book*, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seaven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked Prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out." This passage will account for *five fiends having been in poor Tom at once*. PERCY.

P. 81, l. 34. — and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and moving:] "If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starts with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, mow and mop like an ape; — then no doubt — the young girl is owle-blunt

ed and possessed." Harsnet's *Declaration*, p. 136.

MALONE.

P. 81, last but one l. — *who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] Shakespeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friewood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chamber-maids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priest's so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of

five of those who were made to set in-
upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-*
and they were generally so ridiculously
med, that Harsnet has one chapter on *the*
names of their devils; lest, says he,
them otherwise by chance; you mistal
for the names of tapsters or jugglers.

WAR

The passage in crotchets is omitted in t
because I suppose as the story was forgot
jest was lost. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 5. 6. Let the *superfluous*, a
dieted man,

That *slaves your ordinance*,] Lear
fore uttered the same sentiment, which
cannot be too strongly impressed, though
be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

Superfluous is here used for one living in
ance. WARBURTON.

The language of Shakspeare is very li
and his words have often meanings reme
the proper and original use. To *slave* or
another is to *treat him with terms of in*
in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinan*
be, to *slight or ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as
to make it subject to us, instead of acting
dience to it. STEEVENS.

P. 82, l. 12-14. *There is a cliff, wh*
and bending

Looks fearfully in the confined deep
Rowe and all the subsequent editors for
on. I see no need of change. Shakspear
dered the sea as a mirrour. To look in
is yet our colloquial phraseology. MAY

P. 82, l. 25-27. — *I marvel, our mild husband*

Not met us on the way:] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

P. 83, l. 8. 9. — *Our wishes, on the way,*

May prove effects.] I believe the meaning of the passage to be this: "What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or despatch of her husband. — *On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. STEEVENS.

The wishes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey, may be carried into effect. M. MASON.

She means, I think, The wishes, which we expressed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. MALONE.

P. 83, l. 17. 18. *Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,*

Would stoop thy spirits up into the air;] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that might appear only to him as a whisper.

STEEVENS.

P. 83, l. 28. *I have been worth the whistle.*] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one thinks me worth calling.* JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood, in his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs:

"It is a poor dog that is not a
whistling."

Goneril's meaning seems to be — *The time when you would have thought me calling to you;* reproaching him for not summoned her to consult with on the practical occasion. STEEVENS.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the

P. 83, l. 32. 33. *That nature, which
its origin,*

Cannot be border'd certain in itself
sense is, That nature which is arrived
pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to co
origin, cannot from thenceforth be r
within any certain bounds, but is pr
break out into the most monstrous exces
way, as occasion or temptation may offer

P. 83, last l. & P. 84, l. 1. 2. *She tha
will sliver and d*

*From her material sap, perforce mu.
And come to deadly use.] To slit*
fies to tear off or disbranch. WARBURTON

She who breaks the bonds of filial d
becomes wholly alienated from her fathe
wither and perish, like a branch separa
that *sap* which supplies it with nourishm
gives life to the *matter* of which it is con

Alluding to the *use* that witches and i
are said to make of *wither'd branches*
charms. A fine insinuation in the speak
she was ready for the most unnatural
and a preparative of the poet to her pl
the bastard against her husband's life. W

P. 84, l. 15. 16. Humanity must perforce prey
on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.] Fishes are the
only animals that are known to prey upon their
own species. JOHNSON.

P. 84, l. 21. *Fools do those villains pity,*] She
means, that *none but* fools would pity those
villains, who are prevented from executing their
malicious designs, and punished for their evil in-
tention. It is not clear whether this fiend means
her father, or the King of France. MALONE.

P. 84, l. 29. 30. *Proper deformity seems not
in the fiend*

So horrid, as in woman.] - i. e. Diabolic
qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom
they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assu-
mes them. WARBURTON.

P. 84, l. 32-34. Thou changed and *self-co-*
ver'd thing, for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature.] Of these lines
there is but one copy, and the editors are forced
upon conjecture. They have published the first
one thus:

Thou chang'd, and *self converted* thing;
but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the
author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by
ickedness: thou that hast *hid* the woman under
the fiend. JOHNSON.

The following words *bemonster not thy fea-*
ture, seem rather to support the reading of the
former editors, which was *self-converted*.

M. MASON.

By thou *self-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think,
means, thou who hast put a covering on thyself,
which nature did not give thee. The covering

which Albany means, is, the semblance
pearance of a fiend. MALONE.

Feature in Shakspeare's age meant
cast of countenance, and often beauty.

P. 85, l. 15. — *and amongst them*
dead:] i.e. the
wall and his other servants) among'st the
him dead. MALONE.

P. 85, l. 19. 20. *You justicers, that*
nether crim

So speedily can venge!] Most
copies have *justices*; but it was certain
print. The word *justicer* is used in
places in this play; and though printed
the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in
manner as here. Some copies of quarto
rightly — *justicers*, in the line before

P. 85, l. 25-29. Gon. [*Aside*] *One*
this well; &
neril's plan was to poison her sister —
Edmund — to murder Albany — and to
session of the whole kingdom. As the
Cornwall facilitated the last part of her
she was pleased at it: but disliked it, and
in the power of her sister to marry Edm
M

P. 86, l. 11 & fol. This scene, left
the common books, is restored from the
tion; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's
and necessary to continue the story of
whose behaviour is here most beautifully

The scene seems to have been left out
shorten the play, and is necessary to con-
action. It is extant only in the quarto

omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. JOHNSON.

P. 86, l. 13. — a *Gentleman*.] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

P. 86, l. 14. 15. Why the King of France is suddenly gone back, &c.] The King of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed, before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required, that a Monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismissal (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to say what use could have been made of the King, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his Queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental sorrow; and, being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view. STEEVENS.

P. 86, l. 22. *The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer*.] Shakspeare seems to have been poor in the names of Frenchmen, or he would scarce have given us here a *Monsieur le Fer* as Mareschal of France, after he had appropriated the same appellation to a common soldier, who was *fer'd*, *ferreted*, and *ferk'd*, by Pistol in *King Henry V*. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 3-5. — You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her ^{tears} ~~smiles~~

Were like a *better day*:] It is pl
should read — *a wetter May*, i. e. A spring
wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's
p. 244. "Her tears came dropping do
rain in sunshine."

A *better day*, however, is the *best* da
the *best day* is a day most favourable to
ductions of the earth. Such are the days i
there is a due mixture of rain and sunshin
S:

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration in
Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her p
But it seem'd that she was a Queen over her
and the smiles on her lip appeared not t
that tears were in her eyes. "Her smiles a
were like a *better day*," or "like a *better*
may signify that they were like such a
where sunshine prevailed over rain. Tol

Both the quartos read — a *better way*;
being perfectly unintelligible, I have adop
of the emendation introduced by Dr. War
The late editions have given — a *better*
reading which first appeared in a note
Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be
stood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent w
context. If a *better day* means either a go
or the *best day*, it cannot represent Co
smiles and tears; for neither the one nor th
necessarily implies *rain*, without which, t
nothing to correspond with her *tears*; no
rainy day, occasionally brightened by su
with any propriety be called a good or

ly. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads — a better *May*. — As objections may be started against either reading, I declare my inability to decide between them. I have therefore left that word in the text which I found in possession of it. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 8. *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.*] The harshness of the foregoing line in the speech of the *Gentleman*, induces me to believe that our author might have written :

"Like pearls from diamonds drop-ping."

The idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently consisted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or, in the jeweller's phrase, *ropping* from them. Pendants for the ears are still called — *drops*. STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 11. *Made she no verbal 'question?'*] Means only, did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of interrogation. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow? STEEVENS.

P. 87, l. 19. *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist!

STEEVENS.

NOTES TO

P. 87, l. 19—21. — *There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd.*] It is not impossible
but Shakspeare might have formed this fine pic-
ture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the
conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to
restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded
all his retinue from his presence; and then wept
aloud, and discovered himself to his brethren.
THEOBALD.

That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with
tears.* JOHNSON.

P. 87, l. 24. — *govern our conditions;*] i. e. re-
gulate our dispositions. MALONE.

P. 87, l. 25. *Else one self mate and mate]*
The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 5—7. — *these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning
shame*

Detains him from Cordelia.] The metapho-
is here preserved with great knowledge of nature.
The venom of poisonous animals being a bit-
ter caustick salt, that has all the effect of fire up
the part. WARBURTON.

P. 88, l. 11. 'Tis so; *they are afoot.*] DR. W.
burton thinks it necessary to read, 'tis said;
the sense is plain, So it is that *they are on*;
JOHNSON.

P. 88, l. 13. — *some dear cause]* Some
important business. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 24. — *harlocks,* —] The
read — *hardocks*; the folio — *hardokes*.

I do not remember any such plant at all
but one of the most common weeds is a

hich I believe should be read here; and so answer reads. JOHNSON.

Hardocks should be *harlocks*. FARMER.

One of the readings offer'd by the quartos (though is-spelt) is perhaps the true one. The *hoar-ock*, is the dock with whitish woolly leaves.

STEEVENS.

P. 88, l. 25. *Darnel*,] According to Gerard, *the most hurtful of weeds* among corn.

STEEVENS,

P. 89, l. 11. — *the means to lead it*.] The reason which should guide it. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 19. — *important* —] In other places this author for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

P. 89, l. 20. *No blown ambition*] No inflated, swelling pride. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 13. *His nighted life*;] i. e. His life as dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes.

STEEVENS.

P. 90, l. 25. *Let me unseal the letter*.] I know it well why Shakspeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

P. 90, l. 30. — *oeiliads*,] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, significant glance of the eye. STEEVENS.

P. 90, last l. *Therefore, I do advise you, take this note*:] *Note* means this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore observe what I am saying. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 3. *You may gather more*.] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 4. *If you do find him, pray you, give him this*:] I suppose

NOTES TO

Regan here delivers a ring or some other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. MALONE.

P. 91, l. 12. *What party I do follow.*] Quarto, *What lady.* JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 14. This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 24. *No, truly.*] Somewhat, necessary to complete the measure, is omitted in this or the foregoing hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect, though perhaps but awkwardly, by reading —

No truly, not. STEEVENS.

P. 91, last but one l. — *thy voice is alter'd;*] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

P. 92, l. 6 — 11. — — *How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and thoughts, that wing th'
midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half w
down*

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

*Methinks, he seems no bigger than
head:] This descrip*

has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at satire, that "he who can read it without giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad head." The description is certainly not mean, but far from thinking it wrought to the utmost length of poetry. He that looks from a bird's nest finds himself assailed by one great and

image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror. JOHNSON.

It is to be considered that Edgar is describing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore supposed to be so strongly impressed with the dreadful prospect of inevitable destruction, as a person would be who really found himself on the brink of one.

M. MASON.

"*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." *Smith's History of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

This personage is not a mere creature of Shakespeare's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the streets, and much used as a pickle. So in Verner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: "*Samphire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar sauce, and agreeing with man's body." MALONE.

P. 92, l. 13. 14.— and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;] Her cock-boat.

JOHNSON.

Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. STEVENS.

NOTES TO

19. — and the deficient sight
own headlong.] To *topple* is a
word has been already used in
EVENING.

24. — for all beneath the moon
not leap upright.] But what danger
upwards or downwards? He who
must needs fall again on his feet upon
from whence he rose. We should read:
ould I not leap outright;
l: and then being on the verge of a
must needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.
whether the word — *outright*, was even
the time when this play was written.
t, with the strict definition — "*perpen-
erect*," is absurd; for such a leap i
y impossible. *Upright* is barely expl
pwards," — "*from the ground*."

FARM
of the senses of the word *upright* in Shu
time, was that in which it is now u
The tempest:

—time goes *upright* with his carriage.
with this signification, I have no do
sed here. Every man who leaps, in hi
to raise himself from the ground, s
ght. Far from thinking of leaping fo
which, being certain destruction, nothin
pensate, Edgar says, he would not
eath the moon run the risk of even
wards.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he v
wards, must needs fall again on his
e same place from whence he rose. If
entator had tried such a leap withi
edge of a precipice, before he w

these plays, the world would, I fear, be deprived of his labours.

in our author's time, meant also *supinus*. See Du Roi's Dict. 1617. "*Upright*, or on the back the face upward." But this sense is impossible. MALONE.

11. 12. — *when life itself
to the theft:*] When life is willing to die. JOHNSON.

15. *Thus might he pass indeed:]* *that he die* in reality. We still use the ring-bell. JOHNSON.

18. *Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,]* *Gossamer*, and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book *French Gardiner*, it signifies the downy thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind. GREY.

A dance called Gossamer is formed of the webs of flying spiders, and during calm. In Autumn sometimes falls in amazing quantities. HOLT WHITE.

25. Ten masts *at each*] i. e. each, at each other. Such I suppose the meaning, to be right; but it is probably corrupt. *attach'd* (as read by Mr. Pope) certainly was in Shakespeare's time, but was not used in the sense required here. In Bullokar's *English* 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "to lay hold on." It was *verbum juris*.

MALONE.

29. 30. *From the dread summit of
this chalky hour.*] *Hours* here to signify a hill. Its common name is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky*

bound, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*.

JOHNSON.

Here it certainly means "this chalky boundary of England, towards France." STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 15. *Horns* whelk'd,] *Whelk'd*, I believe, signifies *varied with protuberances*.

STEEVENS.

Twisted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a small shell-fish. MALONE.

P. 94, l. 15. — and wav'd like the *enridged* sea;] Thus the 4to.

The folio *enraged*. STEEVENS.

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis*. MALONE.

P. 94, l. 17. — the *clearest* gods,] The purest; the most free from evil. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 17. 18. — *who make them honours* *Of men's impossibilities*,] Who are graciously pleased to preserve men in situations in which they think it impossible to escape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. MALONE.

By *men's impossibilities* perhaps is meant, what men call impossibilities, what appear as such to mere mortal beings. STEEVENS.

P. 94, l. 25. *Bear free and patient thoughts*.] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloster to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

P. 94, l. 29. 30. The *safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

His master thus.] I read:

*The saner sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.*

"Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound *sane* senses would never suffer him to be thus disguised." JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. STEEVENS.

P. 94, last l. *There's your press-money.*] It is evident from the whole of this speech, that Lear enters himself in a battle: but, *There's your press-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's service; and it appears from some ancient statutes, and particularly Henry VII. c. 1. and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after receipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himself *in readiness*. The term is from the French "*prest*," *ready*. It was written *prest* in several places in *King Henry VIII's* Book of household expences still preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the following passage in Act V. sc. ii. "And turn our *imprest* lances in our eyes;" and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i. — "Why such *impress* of shipwrights!" DOUCE.

P. 95, first l. That fellow handles his bow like *crow-keeper*:] Mr. Pope in his last edition reads *crow-keeper*. It is certain we must read *crow-keeper*. In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

NOTES TO

crow-keeper was so common in the author's time, it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account of our island.

JOHNSON.

When corn's sown, or grown into the ear,

Exercise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*." Collet informs me, that Markham in his *Art to Husbandry*, says, that such servants called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*.

STEEVENS.

Following curious passage in Latimer's *Fruit-mons*, 1584. fol. 66. will show how indispensible was practice to enable an archer to *handle* his bow skilfully. "In my time (says the good old man) my poor father was diligent to teach me archery, as to learne me any other thing, and as other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, how to drawe with strength of armes as other men doe, but with strength of the bodye. If my bowes bought me according to my age and strength: as I increased in them, so my bowes became bigger and bigger: for men shall neuer be well, except they be brought up in it."

HOLT WHITE

[5, l. 5. Bring up the brown *bills*.] A bird of battle-axe, affixed to a long staff.

STEEVE

[5, l. 5. 6. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout: hewgh! — Give the word here raving of archery, and shooting as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, the white mark they set up and aim at: I suppose, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON. Heath thinks there can be no improp

ng an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its t, especially when immediately preceded by words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-n bird*, was the falconer's expression when the k was successful in her flight; and is so used 1 *Woman kill'd with Kindness*. STEEVENS.

he quartos read — O, well flown bird in the , hugh, give the word. MALONE.

ear supposes himself in a garrison, and before the Edgar pass, requires the watch-word.

JOHNSON.

95, l. 10. 11. *Ha! Goneril! — with a beard! — They flatter'd me like a dog;*] reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom later editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not credible. JOHNSON.

They flattered me like a dog;] They played paniel to me. JOHNSON.

95, l. 11 — 13. — and told me, I had white in my beard, ere the black ones were there.] told me that I had the wisdom of age, before I attained to manhood. MALONE.

95, l. 14. 15. *When the rain came to wet once,*] This seems to be an allusion to King Lear's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him of the sea. STEEVENS.

95, l. 21. *The trick of that voice I do well remember:*] *Trick*

(Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say "—he has a trick of winking his eyes, of speaking loud," &c. STEEVENS.

95, l. 33. *Luxury* was the ancient approp- term for incontinence. STEEVENS.

NOTES TO

it but one 1. *Whose face between her forks presageth snow;*]
 action is not "whose face between her
 c. but "whose face presageth snow be-
 forks." EDWARDS.
 erve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy
 on, I can only hint a reference to the
 urcheure in Colgrave's Dictionary.

last 1. *That minces virtue,*] Whose vir-
 sts in appearance only; in an affected de-
 nd prudery: who is as nice and squeamish
 ng of virtue and of the frailer part of her
 a lady who walks mincingly along.

is a passage which I shall not venture to
 a further than by recommending a reconsi-
 on of the passage, quoted by Mr. Malone,
The Merchant of Venice. STEVENS.

96, 1. 2. *The fitchew,*] A polecat. FORB.
 96, 1. 2. *Soiled horse* is a term used for a
 e that has been fed with hay and corn in the
 le during the winter, and is turned out in the
 ng to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut
 carried in to him. This at once cleanses the
 mal, and fills him with blood. STEVENS.
 P. 96, 1. 6. *But to the girdle do the gods inherit.*
 , *inherit* in Shakspeare is, to possess. But is
 re used for only. MALONE.

P. 96, 1. 7. *Beneath is all the fiends';*] Ac-
 ording to Grecian superstition, every limb of us
 was consigned to the charge of some particular
 leity. COLLINS.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the
 after part of Lear's speech is printed as prose.

Tl

for
 sig
 possee

P.
 dana
 in th
 play:

betw
 which I
 Dict. 1!
 two har
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 ly dig

Ainswo
 mistaken;
 Dictionary
 the passag
 Handy-da
 hands and

P. 97.
 lips, the
 edition,

P. 97
 signify

[I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 18. Dost thou *squiny* at me?] To *squiny* is to look askint. — MALONE.

P. 96, l. 25. What, with *the case of eyes*?] The *case of eyes* is the *socket* of either eye.

STEVENS.

This could not have been the author's word; for "*this case of eyes*" in the language of his time signified — *this pair of eyes*, a sense directly opposite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 34. 35. *Change places; and, handy-dandy,*] The words *change places*, *and*, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which something is shaken between two hands, and then a guess is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Bazzicchiare*. To shake between two hands; to play *handy-dandy*." Coles in his Latin Dict, 1679, renders "to play *handy-dandy*," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainsworth; but they appear to have been mistaken; as is Dr. Johnson in his definition in his Dictionary, which seems to have been formed on the passage before us, misunderstood. He says, *Handy-dandy* is "a play in which children *change hands and places*." MALONE.

P. 97, l. 14 — 20. From *hide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival.

JOHNSON.

P. 97, l. 18. — I'll *able* 'em:] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them.

WARBURTON.

P. 98, l. 3. — *This a good block?*] Perhaps we should read —

'Tis a good block. RITSON.

Upon the King's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* of *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment. — *Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself. — See *Much Ado about Nothing*: "He weares his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block*." STEEVENS.

P. 98, l. 5. A troop of horse with *felt*:] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare however might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with *felt*, from the following passage in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. b. l. 1567: "— he attyareth himselfe for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *shoes* of *felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete shoulde discover his goinge." P. 58.

STEEVENS.

This "delicate stratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 7. Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.] This was formerly the word given in the English

my, when an onset was made on the enemy.

MALONE.

P. 98, l. 17. *A man of salt*] is a man of tears.

MALONE.

P. 98, l. 26. *Then there's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 7. 8. — *the main descry*

Stands on the hourly thought.] The main ody is expected to be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

P. 99, l. 16. — *my worser spirit* —] By this expression may be meant — *my evil genius*.

STEEVENS.

P. 99, l. 22. — *by the art of known and feeling sorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows past and present. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether *feeling* is not used, with our poet's usual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. MALONE.

P. 99, l. 32. *Briefly thyself remember:*] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARBURTON.

P. 100, l. 7. — *go your gait,*] *Gang your gait* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, *gang your gaits*.

STEEVENS.

P. 100, l. 11. — *che vor'ye,*] Edgar counter-sets the western dialect. JOHNSON.

When our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustick, they commonly allot him this Somersetshire dialect. STEEVENS.

P. 100. l. 12. *Costard,* i. e. head. STEEVENS.

foin, is to make
Shakspeare often uses the w

P. 100, l. 21. 22. And give the letters
thou find'st al

To Edmund Earl of Gloster;] Mr. S
endeavour'd, without any success, to p
long note, that we ought to read — le
here and below, because the Steward ha
letter in his pocket, namely that written l
But there is no need of change, for letter
was used like *epistolae* in Latin, wh
was intended. MALONE.

P. 100, l. 33. 34. To know our ene
we'd rip t

Their papers, is more lawful.]
expressed: the meaning is, Our en
upon the rack; and torn in pieces
of their secrets; to tear open
BURTON.

The epithet, *unsanctified*, refers to his want of burial in *consecrated* ground. STEEVENS.

P. 101. l. 16. — the *death-practis'd Duke* :] The Duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

P. 101. l. 21. *Ingenious-feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

WARBURTON.

P. 101, l. 35. 34. *Physician, Gentleman &c.*] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in those copies is a speaker in the course of the scene, and remains with KENT, when the rest go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the speeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *physician* and the *gentleman*. I suppose, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we see, were originally distinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor* :

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed

"I the sway of your own will." MALONE.

P. 102. l. 1. 2. To match thy goodness? My life will be too short;

And every measure fail me.] All good which shall allot thee, or measure out to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

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26

P. 102, l. 6. *Be better suited:]* Be dress'd, put on a better suit of clothes.

STE

P. 102, l. 7. These weeds are *memor*
those worser h
Memories, i. e. Memorials, remembrance

STE

P. 102, l. 10. Yet to be known, shorte
made intent:]

is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent* implying the idea of a thing done, the other done. I suppose Shakspeare wrote—*laid* i. e. projected. WARBUTON.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. say in common language, to *make a design* to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

P. 102, l. 19. 20. — O, wind up

Of this *child-changed* father!] i. e. aged to a child by his years and wrongs; or haply, reduced to this condition by his child

STE

Lear is become insane, and this is the referred to. Insanity is not the property of childhood, but dotage. HENLEY.

Changed by his children; a father, whose senses have been untuned by the morose ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-crazed by care*; *wave-worn*, worn by the *woe-wearied*, harassed by woe; &c. MAL

P. 102, l. 25—29. *Gent. Ay, Madam*
The folio gives these four lines to a *Gent*. One of the quartos gives the two first to a *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor* and the two following ones to a *Gentle*

have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Physician*, is one and the same person. RITSON.

P. 102. l. 31. — *Louder the musick there.*] Shakspeare considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the *Physician* desires *louder musick* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. MALONE.

P. 102, last l. — *Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips;*] This is fine. She invokes the goddess of health, Hygeia, under the name of *Restoration*, to make her the minister of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's lost senses. WARBURTON.

Restoration is no more than *recovery* personified. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 10. 11. — *to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?*] With this thin covering of air. MALONE.

The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*. These *enfants perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds: With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Paulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says,

"Hos ab immoderata fortitudine *perd*
et in summo honore atque admiratione
It is not likely that those who deserve
of their country for exposing themselves
tain danger, should be sent out: *sus*
ratione, and yet slightly and badly

In Bacon's *Apology*, touching the
Essex, 12mo. 1651, p. 105: "—you
me like one of those that the French
Enfans perdus that serve on foot be
men." REED.

Amongst other desperate services in
forlorn hope, or *enfants perdus*, were
the night-watches seem to have been
one. WHALLEY.

P. 103, l. 17. 18. 'Tis wonder, th
and wits a
Had not concluded all.] It is w
thy wits and life had not all ended.

P. 103, last but one l. I am might
I am strangely imposed on by appe
am in a strange mist of uncertainty.

P. 104, l. 5—7. O, look upon me,
And hold your hands in bened
me: —

No, Sir, you must not kneel.]
circumstance I find in the old play o
subject, apparently written by ano
and published before any edition of
re's tragedy had made its appearance
always difficult to say whether such
resemblances proceed from imitation
milarity of thinking on the same occa
only point out this to the reader, u
termination I leave the question. S

KING LEAR.

P. 104, l. 10. *Fourscore and up* to deal pla

folio reads — *not an hour more or less.*

The words *not an hour more or less* didiciously reprobated by Mr. Steevens interpolation of some foolish player. W therefore read:

Fourscore and upward; and, to dea with you. RITSON.

P. 104, l. 33. *To make him even o'er t he has lost]*

reconcile it to his apprehension. WARBUR

I believe, Dr. Warburton's explanation. The poor old King had nothing to tell, tho had much to hear. The speaker's meaning fore I conceive to be — it is dangerous to r all that passed during the interval of his ina even (i. e. plain or level,) to his understand while it continues in its present state of uncerta

P. 105, l. 6—22. What is printed in crotch STEEV is not in the folio. It is at least proper if not necessary; and was omitted by the author, I suppose for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the author's departure from the stage, without consulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with similar omissions, which under them often perfectly unintelligible. The loss wever is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. MALONE.

P. 106, first l. — *his constant pleasure.]* His led resolution. JOHNSON.

P. 106, l. 10—16. & l. 27—32. The first and of these speeches, printed within crotchets

are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that flattery at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the forefended place?

STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 12. *Forefended* means prohibited, forbidden. STEEVENS.

P. 106, l. 13. *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you; you are deceived. MALONE.

P. 106, l. 30. 31. *Not holds the King; with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose.*]

The meaning is, The King, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he holds, entertains, and supports the King, and others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make, or compel, as it were to oppose us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for

going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power.

WARBURTON.

P. 106, l. 52. *Sir, you speak nobly.*] This reply must be understood ironically. MALONE.

P. 107, l. 24. *And machination ceases.*] All designs against your life will have an end.

STEEVENS.

P. 108, l. 3. *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 41. *And hardly shall I carry out my side.*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *prendre parti*, to take his resolution. JOHNSON.

"I shall scarcely be able to make out my game." The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful. M. MASON.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good; to maintain my cause. We should now say — to bear out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, to make good, to save harmless.

Side for party was the common language of the time. MALONE.

P. 108, l. 18. 19. — — for my state

Stands on me to defend, not to debate.] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

P. 109, l. 10. *Ripeness is all.*] To be ready, prepared, is all. STEEVENS.

P. 109, l. 19. *That are to censure them.*] i. e. to pass sentence or judgement on them. STEVENS.

P. 109, l. 21. Who, with best meaning; have incurr'd the *worst.*] i. e. the worst that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 6. *As if we were God's spies;*] As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 7. — *packs and sects of great ones.*] Packs is used for *combinations* or *collections*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *sects*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So We say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. *Sects*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 10, 11. *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

The gods themselves throw incense.] The thought is extremely noble and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. "Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortuna compositus."

WARBURTON.

P. 110, l. 11. 12. — Have I caught thee?] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel*, is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's songs, which Shakspeare has put into Falstaff's mouth in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 13. 14. *He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,*

And fire us hence like foxes.] I have been informed that it is usual to smoke foxes out of their holes. STEVENS.

Mr. Upton is of opinion that "the allusion is to the scriptural account of Sampson's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and fastening a fire-brand to the cord; then letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines. Judges, xv. 4."

The words — shall bring a brand from heaven, seem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the construction must be, they shall bring a brand from heaven, and, like foxes, fire us hence: referring foxes, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to those who should separate them. MALONE.

The brands employed by Sampson were not brought from heaven. I therefore prefer the common and more obvious explanation of the passage before us. STERVENS.

P. 110, l. 15. The *goujeers* shall devour them,] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. Gouge, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp: and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.

HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeres*. He writes "With a good-yearre to thee!" and gives it in Italian, "Il mal' anno che dio ti dia." FARMER.

P. 110, l. 15. — *flesh and fell,*] Flesh and skin.

JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 26. Take thou this note;] This was a warrant, signed by the Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. MALONE.

P. 110, l. 26. 27. — *Thy great employment*
Will not bear question;] By great employ-
ment was meant the commission given him for

murder; and this the Bastard tells us after was signed by Goneril and himself. Which is sufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* the execution. WARBURTON.

The important business which is now entrusted to your management, does not admit of delay; you must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Signification*, here, as in many other places, signifies *course, conversation*. MALONE.

P. III, l. 18. 19. *And turn our impress'd
in our eyes*

Which do command them.] i. e. The *Tu launcemen* whom we have hired by giving *press-money* against us.

Impress, however, in this place, may perhaps have its common signification. STREVENA.

P. III, l. 23 — 30. This passage, well known in the restoration, is omitted in the folio.

P. III, l. 29. 30. *The question of Cordelia
and her father*

Requires a fitter place.] i. e. The determination of the question what shall be done to Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. STREVENA.

P. III, l. 4. — the *commission* of my *person*;] *Commission*, for authority. WARBURTON.

P. III, l. 5. The which *immediacy* may *stand up*,] *Immediacy* is *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination* which has *quiddam medium* between *immediacy* and *power*. JOHNSON.

Immediacy here implies proximity without *intervention*; in rank, of such a plenary *de-*

authority, as to constitute the person on whom
s conferred, *another SELF: alter et idem.*

HENLEY.
Immediacy is, I think, close and immediate
nexion with me, and direct authority from me,
hout, to use Dr. Johnson's words, *quiddam*
dium. MALONE.

l. 112, l. 8. In his own *grace* he doth exalt
himself,] *Grace* here
his *accomplishments*, or *honours.* STEEVENS.

l. 112, l. 12. *That were the most, if he should*
husband you.] 'If he
e married to you, you could not say more than
, nor could he enjoy greater power. MALONE.

l. 112, l. 16. *That eye, that told you so,*
look'd but a-squint.] *Adding to the proverb: "Love being jealous*
kes a good eye look asquint." STEEVENS.

l. 112, l. 21. — *the walls are thine:*] A me-
thorical phrase taken from the camp, and signi-
g, *to surrender at discretion.* WARBURTON.

l. 112, l. 25. *The let-alone lies not in your*
good will.] Whether
shall not or shall, depends not on your choice.

JOHNSON.
Albany means to tell his wife, that, however
might want the power, she evidently did not
nt the inclination to prevent the match. RITSON.
So *obstruct* their union lies not in your good
asure: your *veto* will avail nothing. MALONE.

l. 113, l. 5. Gon. *An interlude!*] This short
clamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition,
oppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that
exhibition on the stage might be more distinct
intelligible. JOHNSON.

P. 113, l. 24. Trust to thy single *virtus*;] i.e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. STEEVENS.

P. 114, l. 27. and fol. — *here is mine, &c.*] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to draw it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itself* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated,) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession. MALONE.

P. 114, l. 28. 29. — *it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession:] The charge he is going to bring against the Bastard, he calls *the privilege, &c.* To understand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rights of knighthood are here alluded to; whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. JOHNSON.

P. 115, l. 9. Edm. *In wisdom, I should ask thy name;*] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed — “if any man of quality, or degree,” &c. MALONE.

KING LEAR.

P. 115, l. 11. And that thy tongue as
breeding breed
for essay, some show or probability.
Say is sample, a taste. To take the a
the technical term. STEEVENS.

P. 115, l. 13. 14. *What safe and
might well de*
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and
The phraseology is here very licentious.
pose the meaning is, That delay which by th
of knighthood I might make, I scorn to
Nicely is, punctiliously; if I stood on i
forms. MALONE.

P. 115, l. 20. *Where they shall rest for e
to that place, where they shall rest for eve
thy heart.* MALONE.

P. 115, l. 22. 23. Alb. *O save him, save h
Gon. This is mere practice, Gloucester.] T
the copies, but I have ventured to place
hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that A
y, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his ov
's passion for him, should be solicitous to ha
ife saved. THEOBALD.*

bany desires that Edmund's life might be spare
esent, only to obtain his confession, and to
at him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

116, l. 15. *Let's exchange charity]* Our
by negligence gives his heathens the senti-
and practises of christianity. In *Hamlet*
the same solemn act of final reconciliation,
exact propriety, for the personages are
s:

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble
Hamlet," JOHNSON

P. 117, l. 28 & fol. The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.

P. 117, l. 28—31. *This would have seem'd a period*

*To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,*

And top extremity.] The reader easily sees that this reflection refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had said enough. But it is corrupted into miserable nonsense. We should read it thus:

*This would have seem'd a period. But such
As love to amplify another's sorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.*

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of misery. WARBURTON.

The sense may probably be this. *This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow; but — another*, i. e. but I must add *another*, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told. STEVENS.

P. 118, l. 29—31. *This judgment of the heavens,
that makes us tremble,*

Touches us not with pity.] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*.

TRAWHITT.

P. 118, last l. Edg. Here comes Kent, Sir.] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent,

seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

P. 119, last l. *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 4. *Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms;*] This Princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old King) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramattick writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this story, says, that Cordelia was thrown by her Nephews into prison, "where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she *killed herself*." MALONE.

P. 120, l. 15. 16. Kent. *Is this the promis'd end*

Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promised end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "*For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the Creation which God*

created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "*Now the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son and children shall rise up against their parents and shall cause them to be put to death.*" Ken in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror!

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says,

"—up, up, and see

"*The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in Scripture, in a speech of Gloster's which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

"These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; *there's son against father; the King falls from the bias of nature; there's father against child:* We have seen the best of our time."

If any critics should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. M. MASON.

This note deserves the highest praise, and is inserted in the present work with the utmost degree of gratitude to its author. STANFORD.

I entire

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his happy explanation of this passage. In a speech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a similar imagery is found. MALONE.

P. 120, l. 17. Alb. *Fall, and cease!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once than continue in existence only to be wretched.* STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 18. *This feather stirs: she lives!*] A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips of a person supposed to be dead, to see whether he breathes. WHALLEY.

P. 121, l. 1-3. *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion*

I would have made them skip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

"— I have seen the day

"That with this little arm and this good sword

"I have made my way." &c. STEEVENS.

P. 121, l. 7-9. Kent. *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*

One of them we behold.] I suppose by the two whom fortune once loved, and then hated.

Kent means, Lear and himself; and that each of them, looking on the other, saw a rare instance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 20. *Decay* for misfortunes.

WARBURTON.

P. 121, l. 22. 23. *Lear*. You are welcome hither.

Kent. *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, *I welcome!* No, nor no man else. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 25. Your eldest daughters have *fore-doom'd* themselves,]

Have *fore-doom'd* themselves is — have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy.

STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 3. 4. What comfort to this *great decay* may come,

Shall be applied:] This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so; and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty*. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 8. *With boot,*] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

P. 122, l. 8. 9. — *and such additions as your honours*

Have more than merited] These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct*.

M. MASON.

P. 122, l. 12 - 15. *And my poor fool is hang'd!*

No, no, no life;

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all?] *Poor fool* is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool as some have thought) on whose life he

is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment.

I may add, that, *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the 6th scene of the 3d act. That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term — *poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a Princess; but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted King, in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantic exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgement too much confidence cannot easily be placed.

STEEVENSON.

I confess, I am one of those who have thought

this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him endeavouring to divert him in his distress, to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm, *I have one part in my share that's sorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be giving too much consequence to the *Fool*, in Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in greater distress Lear is represented as a more unreasoning, passionate, and rather weak old man than is the old age of a cocker'd spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character tender domestic affections, which would become a more heroick character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words — *No, no, no life*; I suppose spoken, not tenderly but with passion: Let

we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a Queen. — The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*; but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without some reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgement on that and other kindred arts, were superior. But *magis amica veritas* should be the motto of every editor of Shakspeare; in conformity to which I must add, that I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of these words is the true one. The passage indeed before us appears to me so clear, and so inapplicable to any person but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether superfluous.

It is observable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied

by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted from it for a moment by the intrusion of who forces himself on his notice; but he immediately returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose body he continues to hang. He is now himself in the agony of death; and surely at such a time when his heart is just breaking, it would be unnatural that he should think of his fool. The great and *decisive* objection to such a situation is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned, that Lear has just seen his daughter *hanged*, and being unfortunately been admitted too late to serve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also.

Whether the expression — *poor fool* — is applied with propriety only to *inferior* or *for whom we have not much respect or esteem* is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety; he is always the best commentator to himself; he certainly *has* applied this term in another sense to the *young*, the *beautiful*, and *innocent* Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

“For pity now she can no more detain

“The *poor fool* prays her that he may die.”

Nor was the phraseology which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare.

Long before his time incorporated in our language.

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* synonymous terms. Hence probably the propriety of the expression — *poor fool*. In the play before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *tender, helpless innocence!* MALONE.

P. 122, l. 18. Pray you undo this bond.

KING LEAR.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Warton judiciously observeth that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

STEEVEN.

P. 123, l. 1. 2. Kent. *I have a journey, Sir
shortly to go;*

My master calls, and I must not say, no.]

The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forbore to insert any. STEEVENS.

The second folio, at the end of this speech; has the word — *Dies*, in the margin. RITSON.

Kent in his entrance in this scene says,

"I am come

"To bid my King and master aye good
night;" —


but this, like the speech before us, only marks the despondency of the speaker. The word *shortly* [i. e. some time hence, at no very distant period,] decisively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the scene. He merely says, that he shall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office assigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was first introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

P. 123, l. 3 & fol. Alb. *The weight of this
sad time we must obey: &c.]*

This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favour



fixed; which so much agitates our passion
interest our curiosity. The artful involu-
distinct interests, the striking opposition of
characters, the sudden changes of fortune,
quick succession of events, fill the mind
perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and
There is no scene which does not contribute
aggravation of the distress or conduct of the
and scarce a line which does not conduce
progress of the scene. So powerful is the
of the poet's imagination, that the mind,
once ventures within it, is hurried ir-
along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's
conduct, it may be observed, that he is repre-
sented according to histories at that time vulgarly
as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our eyes
upon the barbarity and ignorance of the

monly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet *this conduct is justified by The Spectator*, who

blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the Tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, wheter justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. *) Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his

*) Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

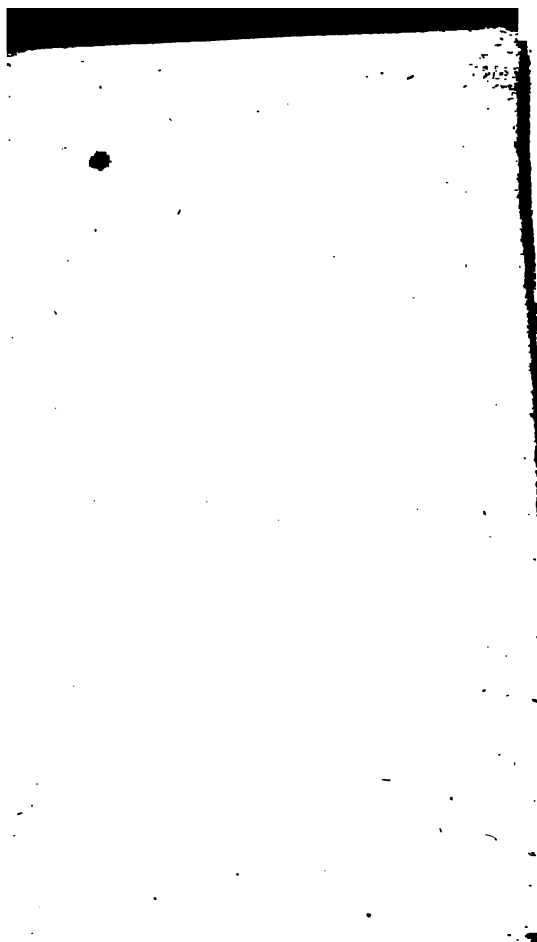
STEEVENS.

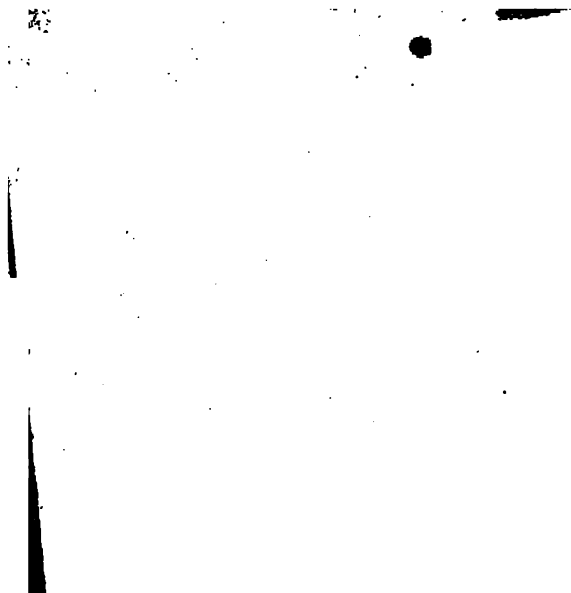
ughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, evinced by induction of particular passages, the cruelty of his daughters is the primary cause of his distress, and that the loss of royalty sets him only as a secondary and subordinate. He observes with great justness, that Lear could move our compassion but little, did we not ever consider the injured father than the degraded King.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmond, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom I have found generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason

believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal pest, which is too striking to have been omitted, that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

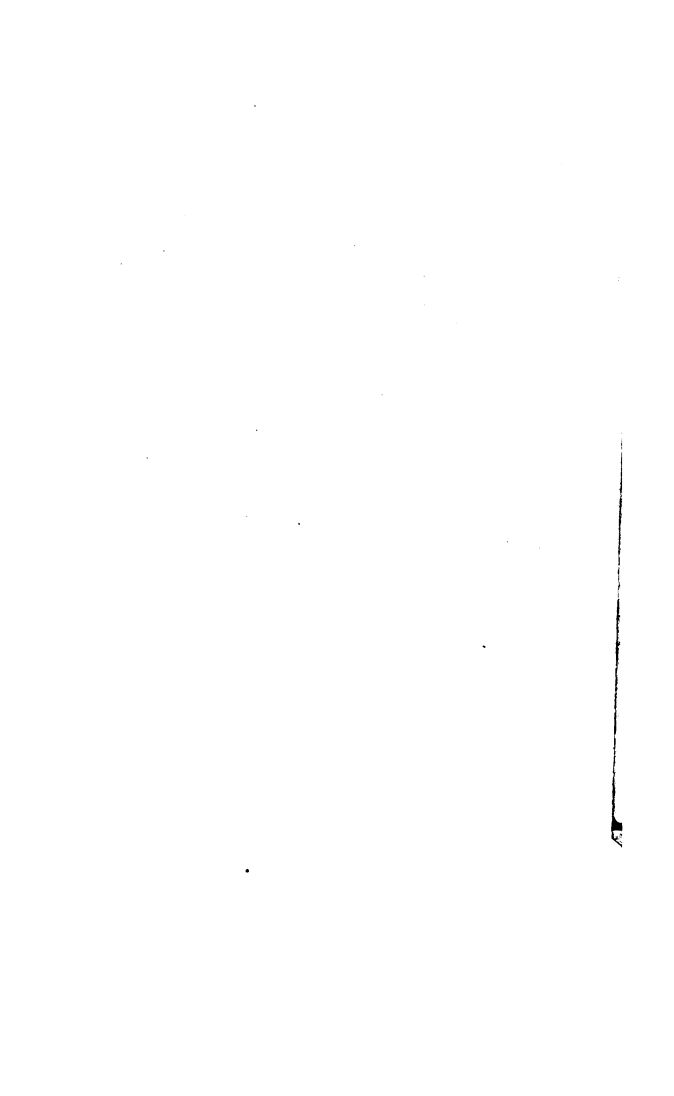
The episode of Gloster and his sons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find a chapter, which is said to be entitled, in the first edition of 1590, "The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinder: first related by the sonne, then by the blind man." MALONE.





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